

ZION'S HERALD

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The readiness with which our ministers and laymen have responded to the call upon them for renewed efforts to increase the circulation of the *HERALD* has encouraged the Association to arrange for a large addition to the size of the paper for the ensuing year. In determining the form of publication, reference has been had, not to their own taste and convenience, nor to the many appreciative assurances received as to its present shape, but to the generally expressed opinions, gathered from all parts of New England. The great preponderance of sentiment has been in favor of the quarto form. A great variety of reasons has been offered as the foundation of this opinion which it is not necessary that we should enumerate. The Preachers' Meeting of Boston, after a free discussion, voted in favor of recommending to the Association the quarto form.

We shall, therefore, with the first issue in January present to our subscribers our new edition of the old *HERALD*. It will contain fully one third more reading matter than is now given to our readers without increase of expense to them. We shall with this enlargement be able to do better justice to the various departments of the paper, the family, the Sunday-school, and the religious and secular miscellany and news.

We have secured a promise of regular contributions from some of the best religious writers of the country, and shall be able, also, we trust, to do tardy justice to the manuscripts of many of our long-suffering correspondents which have been patiently waiting an opportunity in our crowded pigeon-holes. Many who have supposed that the waste-basket has become the inglorious grave of their well-considered thoughts, will be happily surprised, probably, at the unexpected resurrection of them in our ample columns with the opening of the year.

May we not reasonably ask our ministerial agents to give us one more earnest lift. With the other inducements, and the enlarged paper, will they not press an early renewal of subscriptions, and obtain for us a few more new names?

We find only one opinion expressed of our admirable engraving of the Bishops. It need only be shown, to awaken desire for it. It is worth itself all that is paid for a year's subscription. Let us make a resolute effort to bring the list, as it ought to be, up to thirty thousand.

The Diocesan Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church for the State of Massachusetts was convened Wednesday, 4th inst., to elect a successor to the Episcopal chair lately vacated by the honored and lamented Bishop Eastburn. The Convention was composed of delegates from one hundred and twenty-five churches—the rector and three laymen from each Church. For voting, the Convention was divided into two houses, the clerical portion meeting by itself, and casting its ballots separately. The laymen voted, not singly, but as churches; each parish being allowed but one vote. It was well understood that, in the election, the strength of the two divisions in the Church, high and low, would be brought out. Rev. Dr. Alexander H. Vinton, well known in this vicinity as for many years the rector of St. Paul's, and now of Emanuel Church, an earnest, eloquent, evangelical preacher, sympathizing with the low churchmen in their efforts to give a popular cast to the denomination, and to fraternize in all practicable ways with the sister churches in the great religious and charitable enterprises of the day, was a leading candidate of this portion of the Convention. He was chosen president of the Convention, and during several ballots led all the other candidates, both in the house of delegates and in the clerical house, but failed to obtain the requisite majority. Finally, the concurrent vote fell

upon Rev. Benjamin I. Haight, D. D., LL. D., assistant minister of Trinity, New York, and rector of St. Paul's. He represents the High Church wing of the denomination, but is a man of an amiable and conciliatory temper. He is over sixty years of age, has been forty years in the ministry, and has from the first filled a conspicuous place in the eyes of his Church. He is a man of marked cultivation, a fine scholar, an eloquent preacher, and a favorite among the strict and somewhat exclusive churchmen of New York city. His health, which has been quite delicate, is said to have improved of late. Should he accept the position which the suffrages of this diocese have offered him, he will become a valued addition to the cultivated scholarship of the city, and a chaste and effective representative in the State of a refined and conservative evangelical Christianity; positive, but polite in its opposition to the materialism and liberalism of the times. We confess to some sympathy with the disappointment of those who were anxious to secure a progressive bishop, who would become a leader in the associated religious movements of the day, like the Young Men's Christian Association, rather than a polished symbol of the most conservative form of a Church too much disposed to rest upon its traditions. All, however, may be disappointed for the better in the new bishop, if God spares his life, and gives him health; and we yield to him our sincere wishes for his highest usefulness and long protracted occupation of his high and honorable office.

There has been no parallel in this country to the solemn pageant, attended with such sincere emotion, which accompanied the burial of Horace Greeley, with the single exception of that of President Lincoln. A large city church crowded to its utmost capacity, accommodated only a small portion of those who desired to participate in the public services. The Chief Magistrate of the nation, exhibiting manifest emotion during the funeral exercises, the Vice-President and his successor, members of the various branches of the General Government, the leading statesmen of the nation, and the foremost men in all the professions, formed the immediate mourners around the two daughters, the only representatives left of this stricken family. We can readily believe the statement of the reporter, that the whole audience was bathed in tears when Miss Kellogg poured out in subduing song the memorable words that often dropped from the lips of the dying man, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The addresses of Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Chapin appear to have been eminently appropriate, simple, appreciative, pathetic, fraternal, and solemn. To the credit of the vast crowds that thronged the streets, and filled the windows, it is stated, that the long funeral procession was looked upon in silence, and with sympathetic sobriety.

It is remarkable to see how suddenly an almost entire revulsion of feeling throughout the country has taken place in regard to the departed editor. The unwonted asperities of a bitterly-contested election were buried in the coffin with the broken-hearted man. Only the memory of his best days, his truest work for his generation, his noble and unselfish generosity, his sympathies for humanity, his unquestioned ability as a writer and editor, his beautiful domestic traits, and his great sorrow came into view, as he lingered on his death-bed, and was borne a lifeless corpse to his final resting-place.

His brave and successful struggles with poverty for an education and an opportunity to develop his full genius in his chosen profession will long be used to point the counsels given to young men; and well would it be if mature men, successful in the lines of labor and usefulness to which Providence has called

them by unmistakable signs, would learn from his sad experience, and that of others also, to eschew the thorny paths of ambition, and the struggles to ascend the bleak and chilling heights of political advancement.

The early hour at which we go to press on Mondays forbade our presenting to our readers, last week, even an epitome of President Grant's fourth message. With the general circulation of the daily press, before this date, all our readers who have any wish to keep themselves familiar with public affairs, as every intelligent American of both sexes ought to be, have perused this important national paper. It has met with a favorable reception from all shades of political critics, and has been esteemed a remarkably lucid, calm, and practical business document. It does not exhibit on the face of it the slightest reflection of the bitter canvass which has just ended with the re-election of its author. Opening with a grateful acknowledgment of the benign providence of God over the land, and with a sympathetic allusion to the calamity which had fallen upon Boston, the President recounts with natural satisfaction the results of the great international tribunal of arbitration; paying deserved compliments to Messrs. Adams and Bancroft for their efficient services while the controversy was pending, and to the governments associated by their representatives in the august court of the nations.

The President is able to speak almost without qualification of our amicable relations with all other human governments. Cuba still remains in its disturbed condition, and presents a lingering and hateful exhibition of chattel slavery; one of the saddest features of which, noted with proper indignation by the President, is the fact that citizens of the United States hold property of this character upon the island. He calls for a careful Congressional consideration of the subject.

The Indian question, the President treats in the same considerate and humane manner as heretofore. Every recommendation looks to their ultimate endowment with the rights of citizenship, the surrender of their nomadic habits, and their education and settling down into a quiet civilized life.

The fiscal condition of the country is full of encouragement. In spite of the great reduction in taxation, nearly an hundred millions of the debt have been paid. The President does not recommend an immediate reduction of the taxes, but a strengthening of the credit of the country by a reduction of debt, a replacing of it at a smaller rate of interest, and an early return to a specie basis for the currency.

All the departments of Government make very favorable reports—patents—post-office—agriculture, and education. The President renews his views of reform in the administration of civil offices, commends to the consideration of Congress the abrogation of the franking privilege, and the taking of preliminary measures to bring the telegraphic lines under the supervision of the post-office department. His enlarged recommendations for internal improvements, and facilities for public transportation, call out some criticism, but are worthy of careful examination.

Altogether the President, "by the grace of God," is enabled to make a happy exposition of the solid prosperity and advancement of the country.

We sincerely hope that every preacher will give the *HERALD* special attention this month, and when January arrives, we shall be able to say there is not a stationed minister in New England but has sent more or less new subscribers. Some have already sent us long lists—but the field is not exhausted. Thousands are suffering denominationally and spiritually for want of religious reading, such as *ZION'S HERALD* furnishes.

Original and Selected Papers.

MINE, SAITH THE LORD.

"They shall be mine, saith the Lord."—MALACHI.
 "Mine," said our Lord, and came among us, where
 We watched and soothed and rocked the little one;
 She has been yours awhile, my gift, my loan;
 But now I claim the precious child I won,
 For she is mine.

Her voice I know, made music in your home,
 The touch of her small hands, is strong to hold
 Your heartstrings, father, mother. But I miss
 Her baby gladness in my sheltered fold,
 And she is mine.

The glorious eyes that smiled to meet your smile,
 No longer watch you with their clinging love,
 For I have won them, they have seen my face;
 They turn no more from mine that smile above,
 The babe is mine.

You could not soothe her; she has tossed and moaned
 Through hours of suffering; let me take her now.
 My touch brings rest. How deep her slumber grows;
 How sweet the peace upon her baby brow;
 Now she is mine.

Would you withhold her? By eternal love,
 By cross and crown, I claim her rightfully;
 Suffer the little one, unloose your clasp,
 Forbid ye not the child to come to me;
 For she is mine.

Yes, robe her for my taking with fond care;
 Touch the bright curls with tenderness, and place
 White lilies in her hands. I will adorn
 With unknown beauty, gladness, fairest grace,
 This child, now mine.

No love of yours could give what I can give:
 A brow unshaded by a cloud of sin,
 White feet that never wandered, hands as pure
 As angels' hands, a soul unstained within,
 To this child, mine.

Fair lily-bud, God's garden be thy place;
 Young dove, no stain upon thy silver wing;
 White lamb forever safe in pastures green,
 I, thine own Lord, thy blest soul sheltering.
 My child, all mine.

So our Lord took the darling, and forbade
 Too deep a grief, that might dispraise his love.
 Yet with a pitying smile, he left us hope,
 That when we also reached his home above,
 She might be ours.

E. M.

MUSIC AS A FINE ART.

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THIRD ARTICLE.

Instrumental music was the direct offshoot of vocal music. The instrumental pieces of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were founded either directly on corresponding types of vocal music, as in the case of the fugue and canzone, or indirectly on dances that were originally sung; as, for instance, the round and suite, or on the so-called preludes and symphonies which were sometimes played in the early opera, to relieve the vocal part. In this way arose the names and primitive forms of the prelude, toccata, sonata, and symphony. It was not, however, until the secular style had been fully formed in the opera, and the modern contrapuntal style had culminated in the sacred music of Handel and Bach, that the present "classical" forms of instrumental music, the sonata and symphony, were developed. It is evident, then, that the orchestral and chamber music of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and their successors, is the result of a combination of the principal structural forms of the sacred and secular styles; or in other words, a union of the contrapuntal style with the so-called beautiful, or ornate style. But before this harmonious union could be realized, certain processes of growth were inevitable. Sebastian Bach was the mediator between the older and newer forms of instrumental music. He completed the forms of the prelude, fugue, toccata, suite, etc., and at the same time his genius appropriated the new germs that were already latent in his day, and turned them to higher account; so that his son Emanuel and Haydn had only to cultivate this new offshoot of style that was destined to grow into the grand proportions of the Beethoven sonata and symphony. Haydn enlarged the structure of the sonata and symphony as a whole. He extended the separate movements and their divisions, and developed the so-called free thematic treatment of a musical idea or motive.

This is the evolution of an extended movement out of short motives, the smallest members of a musical thought, which recur again and again under constantly changing conditions of key, harmony, position, rhythm, and instrumentation; ever expressing some new meaning, beauty, and variety, without abandoning the central idea of the piece. This free form reflects vividly the emotions of the artist, as they are joyful or sad,

humorous or gloomy, playful or grotesque. Every mood or change of feeling may be expressed more directly and individually by the free thematic forms, than the older contrapuntal forms. In the fugue, canon, and other forms of imitative counterpoint, the several voices are treated equally, as individual, melodious members of the polyphony; the bass being as melodious as the soprano; the tenor as melodious as the alto. The theme and countertheme never cease to assert their importance, though they may be relieved by new motives and recurring digressions. The net-work of counterpoint continues throughout. Now, in the sonata or symphony, the motive or theme does not usually appear imitatively in all the voices alike, but may be confined at will to a particular voice, as the air or melody, while the other voices simply contribute their tones to enhance the effect of the melody, having no melodic character of their own, just as the accompaniment of a song may consist merely of full or broken chords. This is called homophonic music. But this song form is only one phase of thematic music. The polyphonic element also pervades it more or less. The symphonic form, is, in fact, a mixture of the polyphonic and homophonic elements. In other words, it is the harmonious union of the melodious style, which the Italian opera developed, with the contrapuntal style, as represented by Bach and Handel.

It is evident that if the melody be given wholly to a single part, the other parts being held strictly subordinate, the emotion of the composer will be expressed more subjectively than when the parts are made equally melodious; for in the latter case the individual movement of the several melodies must be prescribed by the demands of the harmony, of which they are equal members. But what is lost in subjective expression, is compensated for by architectural beauty of form. The highest aim of art is to avoid extremes; to unite the individual and general, the real and ideal in harmonious form and expression. This we witness in Greek sculpture, in the paintings of Raphael and the symphonies of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. As an instrumental composer, Mozart holds a relative position between Haydn and Beethoven; and though he did not enlarge the thematic forms, he rounded and beautified their separate parts. He introduced a richer art of instrumentation. His marvelous ear and musical sensibility enabled him to understand the very nature of the orchestral instruments. He drew from the wooden wind instruments, the true *cantabile*, or singing quality of their tones, according to the peculiar individuality, or *timbre* of each instrument. This rendered Mozart the indispensable teacher of Haydn and Beethoven. Haydn in his last symphonies, and Beethoven in his early works, show the influence of Mozart.

Through Beethoven's genius instrumental music fulfilled its highest ideal, both in form and spirit. His symphonies are the grandest conceptions of thematic music, just as the oratorios of Handel, and the operas of Mozart are the representative works in those branches. The sonata, trio, quartette, and symphony were laid out on broader foundations. The musical periods were expanded to their utmost boundary. The so-called *modulatory*, second part of the movement, was wrought out far more significantly than with his predecessors. We are astonished at the never-ending variety which this free thematic play brings forth. The opening allegro of the fifth symphony is a wonderful example of the development of a great dramatic movement out of a single powerful motive of four notes. It is an unequalled masterpiece of thematic art. The *scherzo* movement owes its origin to Beethoven, who developed it from the slower *minuet*, transforming it into a highly poetical movement, full of imagination and humor. In the *adagio*, or slow movement, Beethoven unburdens himself of his sorrows, his sad and solemn emotions. Here he speaks the language of his inmost heart, and the instruments become living souls. All the instruments obtain their complete and appropriate expression. Beethoven's grand personality announced itself not only in broader outlines of musical form, but in manifold effects of instrumentation; by combination and separation; by powerful contrasts, and new discoveries in the *timbre* and rhythmical capabilities of the various instruments. He extended the form and elevated the character of the *finale* of the symphony, making it the climax of the whole work; as exemplified by the fifth, seventh, and eighth, symphonies.

The emotions expressed in a Beethoven sonata, or symphony, are brought into the strongest relation and contrast. If the first movement be fiery or wild, the feelings will be rendered all the more susceptible to the quiet mood of the *adagio*, which may lead us through sadness or calm happiness to renewed vivacity, humor or jocoseness in the *scherzo*. And the play between gladness and sadness may reach a climax in the *finale*,

or be changed into triumphant joy, and thus close the work.

This great poet has vindicated the true spirituality of music. His sad life, the trial of faith and love through which he passed so triumphantly, kindled an undying flame of truth and beauty in his music. Solitary and alone he lived an ideal world. His only companions were the musical forms, the offspring of his sorrows, joys, and aspirations. The deaf musician has proved that the ancient poetical significance of music as the divine art is true.

For the want of time we shall not be able to pursue the historical events of modern music beyond this matter. Since Beethoven, some side steps have been taken in instrumental music by masters like Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, yet no one has carried the dimensions of the art beyond his limits. In vocal music, if we compare the scores of Liszt and Wagner, with those of Mozart and Handel, we witness how far the "music of the future" has departed from a vocal method, from the harmony and symmetry of design, clearness and directness of expression; moderation and simplicity, which are two important elements in all art. The techniques of music, with Wagner, Liszt, and their adherents, have become so extremely involved and complicated, both in composition and performance, that there must soon be a healthy reaction. The only hope for the present and future is the adherence to the historical forms, as developed by Bach, Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven, in church music, the oratorio, opera, and instrumental music. This course was pursued instinctively by Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and other acknowledged masters since Beethoven. These musicians were able to stamp their works with their own peculiar individuality and originality without contradicting the past. They, like all true artists, recognized the historical sequence and progress of all natural development in art. Such must be the course of the composers of the present and future.

"TROUBLED—YET NOT DISTRESSED."—In walking over the desolate portion of the city where a few weeks ago so much pride entered, where business men with cheerful faces tripped past, strong in continued success—impressed with the decay of earthly things, we were attracted by one notice of removal, with the reference to 2 Cor. iv. 8, 9. How sweetly consoling and inspiring came the blessed words from the sacred Book, and in what cheerful contrast to the scenes about us, came up, one by one, the blessed promises. Here was one, who, in his affliction, remembered the true source of strength and comfort—while he was troubled, he was not distressed; "cast down, but not destroyed." These are times which try men's souls. As one of the preachers truly said, "God has unroofed the warehouses, and has unroofed too the characters of business men, while His all-searching eye watches to see who can stand the test." Doubtless he who placed that reference on his sign-board, felt in his heart he could give thanks to God irrespective of circumstances, knowing "all things work together for good to them that love God;" and that "He who telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names," "which holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be moved," "redeemeth the soul of his servants, and none of them that trust in Him shall be desolate;" for whoso "putteth his trust in the Lord" shall be safe. With the wise man he could say, "Surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God." How precious the thought, the dear Lord is always ready to comfort, always ready to lead and guide us if we put our trust in Him.

L.

BRAINS IN WORK.

Blessed is the man whose labor is of such a kind that the work itself gives employment to every part of his nature. There are many kinds of manual labor, in the foundry, in the machine-shop, in the laboratory, in the builder's trade, in those occupations by which the necessities of life are supplied, which furnish a field for the exercise of a man's whole mind. The man at the loom, the man at the palette, the man that moulds the vase, the man who in a thousand ways is producing objects of art and beauty and use, may find scope for his thought and feeling.

If I were a cabinet-maker, do you suppose I would think of nothing but the thing I was working on? Do you believe I could construct a cradle, and my heart not sing lullaby all the time for the little ones that should bless it, and whose eyes, looking out of it, should be as stars shining up instead of stars shining down, and should speak of immortality as the heavens which declare the glory of God—do not know how to do it? Is it necessary that I should saw, or plane, or rub, and do nothing but saw, and plane, and rub? Is there no living power in a man's work? Is there nothing in it to stir up his imagination? If I built a man's house, would the one question be how much I could earn for so much work? If I put my heart in my work, am I not a benefactor? When a man builds a house, if he

pleases he can build it for the good of those who are to dwell in it, and leave a blessing in it; but if a man in building a house says to himself, every time he drives a nail, "How can I put a poor one in instead of one that costs more," acting all the time under the influence of the devil of selfishness in his work, I do not marvel that it is drudgery to him. I do not marvel that he finds no incitement in it. But if a man goes to his work as if he were called of God to do it; if it is taste, and conscience, and benevolence that work in him, then his labor is all the time a school of blessing to him.

There is scope in the poorest mechanical employments for far more manhood than we are accustomed to put into our work; and one thing that I blame men for is that they put so little of the better part of themselves into mechanical employments. You think, because a man is sitting in his study, and pursuing his professional avocations, that he can expand and open up his mind; but there may be as many sordid men among scholars as in any other class. Yet it is possible in any sphere for a man to put into his work the best part of himself.

I have a fancy that the thing which a man does in this life carries something of the man with it. If I go into a house that is tall, gaunt, cold, unsocial, I say to myself, "I cannot tell who were the architect and builder of this house; but of this I am certain, that they are cold, bloodless men, and that they left their stain on their work." If, on the other hand, I go into a house that is cosy and genial, I say, "The man who built this house had a heart, and he left some of it behind him." You can always see something of a man in his work. — *Beecher*.

AN INVALID FOR LIFE.

Destined for life to pain,
I suffering lie and see the years go by;
No voice of sympathy, no loved ones nigh,
To bring me hope again.

It was not always so!
There was a time when friends were ever near,
I felt through sorrow that with love so dear,
My lot was blest below.

But on one dreadful day
There came the shadow of a grief so near;
So great, so terrible, in deadly fear,
I trembling shrank away.

For tortured nerves could bear
No more the sound of e'en love's tender tone,
Although through suffering's hour each friend had grown
To me more doubly dear.

In anguish then I cried,
"Not this, my Father. Take all else below,
Spare but one friend to cheer me as I go."
Alas! no voice replied.

But earth had darker grown;
And one by one I saw my friends depart,
Each taking portions of my bleeding heart,
Till I was left alone.

My prayer had been in vain;
And nights I wet my pillow with my tears,
And mourned for friends who through the coming years
I ne'er might see again.

Until one blessed night,
There came a form so fair, so sad to see;
Reproachfully it raised its hand to me;
"Hast thou forgotten quite."

When this I did for thee?
Behold my hands, behold my bleeding feet;
Thou ask'st one friend — was ever love replete,
With such a sympathy?"

Blest thought! my prayer was heard;
I gazed entranced and saw the clouds depart
Till every nerve was thrilled, and in my heart
The fountain depths were stirred.

Now longer now alone;
Bright visions come to cheer me on the way,
And love's ecstatic bliss turns night to day.
My Friend, my only one.

— *Watchman and Reflector*.

HOLLAND AS IT IS.

Buffon said Holland was the lowest country of the globe, but he was mistaken. The greatest depression in the earth's surface is found in the plains about the Dead Sea, thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean. Had he said the lowest in Europe, he would doubtless have been correct, as a large part of the land is thirty feet below the surrounding sea level. The greater part of the country is composed of the mud of the Rhine, as the soil of Egypt has been formed from the deposits of the Nile. What has not come from the many-mouthed Rhine is the gift of the sea. Holland dikes against the sea from without, and the rivers from within, and these streams present the same difficulty as the Mississippi, the gradual rising of the bed from alluvial deposit, and the consequent necessity of additional diking. For a number of years the water of the rivers, like a wild beast in leash, has been led to the sea by embankment, but this does not always prove sufficient.

There are French scientists who have a theory that Holland is gradually and continually sinking, and will ultimately disappear. This opinion rests on researches made at three separate points of the country, which show, according to these geologists, that the level has undergone considerable depression. The process is so slow, however, should the theory prove true, that the inhabitants of the present and following centuries will hardly be disturbed. There is an old legendary prophecy of like tenor hovering about the fishermen's villages on the coasts, that the sea will one day take back what was once taken from it. But before such a submersion takes place, the ingenuity of man may doubtless be relied on for finding some means of averting the disaster of Atlantis.

THE EUPHRATES VALLEY RAILROAD.—Speaking of the Euphrates Valley line, the *Levant Herald* announces that the Grand Vizier has commissioned M. Pressel, the well-known engineer, to undertake the survey of the ground for a line of railway from Tripoli, on the coast of Syria, to Bagdad, and a preliminary step has already been taken in the dispatch to Tripoli of two experienced engineers—Messrs. Tchernick and Schutt—the former of whom took an active part in the pioneer work of the Roumelian line. The object is to obtain an accurate professional tracing of the route devised by the Grand Vizier, in substitution of the lines previously proposed for connecting the Mediterranean with the Persian Gulf. The line now suggested by Midhat Pasha will cover a distance of about 550 miles, commencing at Tripoli, on the Syrian coast, passing by way of Palmyra, and crossing the Euphrates, thence traversing Mesopotamia and the Tigris, and terminating at Bagdad, where it would meet the Persian Gulf line, as originally planned.

The Rev. W. J. Hall, late student of Mr. Spurgeon's College, has resigned the pastorate of the Church worshipping in Park Street, Ryde. In a report of his farewell sermon, in the *Ryde News*, the following sentences occur: "Before I close my sermon, and bid you the final farewell, I must just say that in leaving you I shall be leaving the Baptist persuasion. For a long time I have found the Baptist creed too narrow for my soul, and the water of the denomination too shallow to float my creed. We have more important matters to attend than modes of baptism. The day is come when men see that there are as good Christians who have never been immersed as those who have followed that mode. The day has come, too, when earnest men see that it is the spirit of truth, and not its letter, they must follow. We are beginning to see that the water of baptism is not the great essential; we see also that baptism cannot be, as it is often mis-called, a profession of faith, for then ought the candidate to baptize himself. The only baptism that it is important to undergo is the baptism of the Holy Spirit. O, that all of us here present may know this baptism, and be led unto truth, holiness, and then on to everlasting life."

The cultured English correspondent of the *Christian Advocate*, makes the following very pleasant reference to an interview with President Cummings:—

"I have had the pleasure lately of spending several hours in the company of Dr. Cummings, of the Middletown University. What a noble looking man he is! and what a genial, kindly man! He is full of a most pleasant, gentle, dryish humor. His observations are keen. His flavor is that of a transatlantic conservative, the reverse of morose, without a shade of bitterness, but still *laudator temporis acti*. Since my lamented friend, Dr. McClinton, I have met with no pleasanter sample of your countrymen. I hope to spend half a day with him to-morrow. He and his family, I believe, are well."

A pleasant-looking gentleman of foreign appearance entered a tobaccoist's shop in one of the market-towns of South Durham, says the *London Grocer*, and asked for a cigar. The article having been furnished him, he proceeded to apply it to his nose with the air of a connoisseur, and then to protest that its flavor was most peculiar, not to say offensive. The tradesman declared that the cigar was an excellent one; his visitor as stoutly maintained that it was not, and that he was so convinced of the fact that he at once determined to try what the cigar was really made of. Taking a penknife from his pocket he began to cut the "weed" in two, and had no sooner begun to do so than a quantity of feathers dropped from the cigar. The more he cut the faster the feathers flew, until the whole cigar had been whittled away, and the shop looked more like an upholsterer's than a tobaccoist's. Having given this ocular and practical proof that he had not remarked the peculiar flavor of the cigar without reason, the foreign gentleman took his departure, leaving the shopkeeper utterly bewildered, and the possessor of a quantity of feathers, enough to stuff an ordinary cushion. The customer was a conjuror.

REMEMBER LOT'S WIFE!—Lot's wife had many privileges, but she perished. Lot's wife had a godly husband, but she perished. Lot's wife had been often prayed for, but she perished. Lot's wife had been warned by God, but she perished. Lot's wife saw her danger, but she perished. Lot's wife was led by the angels out of Sodom, but she perished. Lot's wife looked round, and she was damned for the look. She lingered when she should have made haste, and God left her. Mercy drew her, but she grieved Mercy, and Mercy forsook her. Where Mercy left her, Justice found her, and Destruction seized her. She loved Sodom, and would love Sodom, and God gave her her bad love to the full. The Lord took her out of Sodom, but she took Sodom, out of Sodom, with her. "Let me get a last look at my idol," she said; and she got a last look with a vengeance. "She is joined to her idols," said the jealous God: "let her alone!" and she was let terribly alone: she became a pillar of salt. Sodom was more to her than her daughters, her husband, her soul, or God. In judgment she was wedded to her evil choice. She entered eternity in fellowship with those that "suffer the vengeance of eternal fire." — *Christian Banner*.

Men plant prayers and endeavors, and go next day looking to see if they have borne graces. Now God does not send graces as he sends light and rain, but they are wrought in us through long days of discipline and growth. Acorns and graces sprout quickly, but grow long before ripening.

Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything beautiful. Beauty is God's hand-writing, a wayside sacrament; welcome it in every fair face, every fair sky, every fair flower, and thank Him for it, the fountain of loveliness; and drink it in, simple and earnestly with your eyes; it is a charmed draught, a cup of blessing.

A man commenting upon the ruins of Pompeii, said that it was a very imposing city, but very much out of repair.

Our Book Table.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The publishers are taking good care that ample provision shall be made for Christmas and New Year's gifts in their line. Lee & Shepard lead off, as usual, in the number and variety of their issues. They have a fine collection of very attractive series of juvenile books in boxes—"Dick Travers Abroad," in 4 volumes, by Mrs. A. F. Samuels; a charming set of 4 volumes, entitled, "Little Canary Series," by Mrs. M. A. Osgood; and one which will be the delight of the youngest readers, by one of the best and most wholesome of writers for children,—Mrs. Follen,—styled, "Twilight Stories"—a little illustrated library of twelve beautiful volumes.

The same publishers issue in single volumes a new issue of the "Young Dodge Club"; "The Seven Hills," by Prof. James De Mille. This volume is a visit to Rome, executed in inimitable humor, and made particularly attractive to young people. Its style is full lively enough to pass muster with a person of good taste. "The Children of Amity Court," by Louisa M. Thurston, a very successful writer of juvenile stories. They also publish, in a very handsome, large quarto volume, profusely illustrated, "Sunday Chats with Sensible Children," by Clara L. Mateaux,—a very attractive and instructive work; and, finally, "King Jollyboy's Royal Story Books for Little Folks." This book must be given to the little fellows early in the morning. They would never get asleep, if they should look it over in the evening, for laughing. Of the "Young Yachters' Series," the publishers issue, "Left on Labrador; or the Cruise of the Schooner-yacht Curlew," as recorded by "Nash." Edited by C. A. Stephens. Illustrated. A most attractive and delightful volume for lads, full of amusement and instruction also.

Robert Carter sends out a fine collection of stories—four of them in a box, by one of the best of our lady writers. The young readers of the *HERALD* know how well she writes. We refer, of course, to Miss Warner, authoress of the "Wide, Wide World."

The same publishers also issue a new and beautiful holiday edition of Bogatzky's "Golden Treasury"—the original model of all the forms of daily meditation upon verses of Scripture. It presents a verse for every day in the year, with appropriate reflections, and a happy selection of a hymn.

Hitchcock & Walden are in no sense behind the other publishers in their beautiful library boxes. Here is one entitled, "Household Stories." It is from the German of Madam Wildermuth, translated by Eleanor Kilmont. It includes four very handsomely published and interesting volumes. J. P. Magee has this library for sale.

From the same house we have an entertaining translation from the French, by Mrs. Mary Kilmont, entitled, "Afternoon with Grandmamma." It has the national characteristics strongly developed, being "very French." It consists of the pleasant entertainments, by story-telling, historical incidents, and instructions in natural history, which a cultivated and loving grandparent gave her little army of grandchildren. It will be read with pleasure and profit.

Roberts Brothers publish, in a very handsome volume, a fine story, entitled, "What Katy Did," by a successful writer for young people, Miss Susan Coolidge. They also publish, from "Aunt Jo's Scrap-bag," "Shawl Straps," by Louisa M. Alcott—a most admirable volume of European travels, written as only this inimitable "Aunt" can, amusing and instructing even the youngest children.

Dodd & Mead have a particularly fine assortment of new books in their list, the present season. "The Lillingtons of Lillington," by Emma Jane Worboise, is a well-written English story, of the resolute and successful efforts of a youth to recover the lost family property, with incidental and interesting sketches of family life, from a religious standpoint. "Daniel Boone, the Pioneer" of Kentucky, by John S. C. Abbott, illustrated. This is an admirable theme, in the hands of a fitting writer. No author paints history in warmer colors than Mr. Abbott, and few historians have so original and striking a subject. "The August Stories," by Jacob Abbott. On the whole, the best American writer of stories for children is this veteran author. His books were among the first we read when a boy. They are interesting still. The present is a beautiful presentation of child-life. "Margaret," by C. C. Frasier-Tyler, author of "Inniseigh," an English story of much power, and wholesome moral, is the above. The present is the author's edition, yielding here a voluntary copyright on the part of the publisher. "For Conscience Sake," by the author of "Alice Lee's Discipline." This is a family story of touching struggles with poverty, courageous efforts, and filial affection.

Alfred Martien publishes an affecting story of humble life, showing how a young person, amid many obstacles, may work for God.

The National Temperance Society send out for young people a handsome volume, showing how a village rector, who had been accustomed to use wine, and did not believe in total abstinence societies, was converted when his own son became a victim.

Harper & Bros. send out from their press, as additions to their "Library of Select Novels," "A Woman's Vengeance," by James Payn, and "For the King," by Charles Gibbon.

A. D. F. Randolph & Co. issue a new volume, by Miss Porter, whose works have been received with much acceptance by the older classes of young people. It is called "Uplands and Lowlands; or Three Chapters in a Life."

Nelson & Phillips issue a very valuable "Hand-book for Sunday-school Teachers," by Dr. Joseph Aiden. For sale by J. P. Magee. Every thoughtful teacher (and every teacher should be such a one) will be profited by a careful reading of this valuable and practical treatise.

J. R. Osgood & Co. send out three capital juvenile works—"Camping Out," by C. A. Stephens; a book full of amusement, and equally full of instruction; "A Chance for Himself; or Jack Hazard and his Teacher," by J. T. Trowbridge. The name of the author gives assurance enough of the liveliness of the book, while its title will be sure to win any average boy to its perusal.

J. B. Lippincott has an excellent little volume, entitled, "The Boy's Book About the Indians, being What I Saw and Heard for Three Years on the Plains," by Rev. Edwin B. Tuttle, Chaplain U. S. A. This is both interesting and profitable. It is full of incident, well told, of border life and perils.

Adams, Blackmer & Lyon, of Chicago, issue a most touching and admirable Christmas story, called "Mr. Blake's Walking Stick," from the pen of that fascinating writer for young, as well as old people—Dr. Eggleston. If it is read before the middle of December, many tables around which gather the widow and fatherless will be better provided for, and many little Christmas-givers will be made the happier. For Sunday-school teachers and superintendents they issue "The Teacher's Pocket Diary for 1873." "The Superintendent's Pocket Diary for 1873." "The Sunday-school Concert," "A General Service Manual for the School and Congregation,"—a capital volume, the value of which every Sunday-school manager will at once appreciate,—and a bound volume of a year of *The Little Folks*, edited by Miss Sarah J. Turpinus—a beautiful present for the youngest readers, full of illustrations.

The Family.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

Sung at the anniversary of the Winthrop-Street (Roxbury), Sunday-school.

AIR—"Battle Song of Freedom."

Now another year has melted in the river of the past,
We are gliding, swiftly gliding toward the ocean dim and vast,
Our vernal days of labor they are slipping from us fast!
The years are marching on.

Glory, glory hallelujah, etc.

While the morning sun is shining we will labor for the Lord,
Till within our hearts are garnered all the richness of His word;
Then for greater, nobler triumphs we will buckle on the sword!

Our God is marching on.

There are precious little children who have never heard the name
Of that Jesus, who, to save them, from His shining mansions came,
And who kindles on the altars of our hearts His holy flame;
As we go marching on.

O, then, rally, children, rally! let us battle for the Truth!
Let us clear away the briars; let us make the highway smooth;
Let us consecrate to Jesus all the promise of our youth!
As we go marching on!

Let the Sunday-school be ever the delight of young and old;
And the snowy flag of [Winthrop] let us valiantly uphold;
Let the royal name of Jesus be inscribed on every fold,
As we go marching on.

C. HENRY ST. JOHN.

AN AUTUMN LEAF FROM AN OLD ALBUM.

"The vine is dried up, the fig-tree languisheth; the pomegranate-tree, the palm-tree also, and the apple-tree, even all the trees of the field are withered."

Fall has done her pictures, and the messenger winds have carried them away to settle her yearly debt. The green, the gold, the sienna, and the umber—they are all gone like a tale that is told. And when the voices in the branches overhead grow more funeral-like, I cannot but catch their mournful key. I talked with memory the other day, as I stood surrounded by the scenery of this autumnal ruin, and she told me her saddest stories—and one of them was this:—

In my college class there was a young man of remarkable talents and remarkable wickedness, whom, for the present, I will name Charles Jenner. Handsome, athletic, and powerful, none could beat him on the college battle-ground, and the grasp and facility of his intellect were such, that among a hundred fellows he stood unmatched in both the languages and the mathematics.

For the sake of his brilliant talents, the Faculty bore long with his irregularities, hoping he might reform under kindness; but about six months before the time for his graduation, he was convicted of a criminal intrigue, to the great scandal of a happy family, and immediately expelled.

Our admiration for his fine abilities led us, as a class, to adopt resolutions of regret, and to interest ourselves specially in his history. It was found that Jenner was an orphan, and his sole surviving relation had been a sister. There were those among us who had known that sister, and they described her as very lovely—the pure copy, in person, mind, and heart, of an accomplished and pious mother, who taught that rash and wayward boy in his infancy to lisp a prayer, and prattle Scripture texts. Charles and his sister had a comfortable fortune left them, but the young man had been wasting his portion with reckless prodigality, and it was said that probably in a few months at most, he would be penniless. We further learned that during the forepart of his last year in college, young Jenner's sister had died, and we well remembered when he returned once from a hasty visit to his distant native State, and shut himself in his room, refusing to see any one, and when questioned, maintaining an inflexible silence.

It was reported on good authority, that he had not treated his sister kindly during her life; that when she remonstrated with him for his drinking and gambling, and other vices, he would retort with rude and unseemly words, and behave with harshness and contempt towards her. By and by he passed out of our mention, and the swift waves of closing college life swept over Charles Jenner's name as if it had been written in the sand. Only when it was read at the class farewell, mere forgetfulness and forgiveness gave him a kind "He in pace."

Subsequently, I learned more about Jenner. He had wooed, and actually wedded a young lady of high family in the Old Dominion, a full year before he was to graduate, but all under such false pretences that upon his full exposure, his wife indignantly repudiated him. From that time, it seemed, he had nursed vengeance against the person who was active in bringing about the separation, and I was told that shortly after his expulsion from college, smarting under his mortifications, he sought out this man (a brother of his deceived wife), killed him in a duel, and fled from the country on board a whaleship.

Three years afterwards it came to my knowledge through a mutual acquaintance that Jenner was living in the city of our Alma Mater, disguised in name, and earning his precarious subsistence, at least in part, by writing prize essays, and working prize problems for wealthy students who were too dishonest or lazy to perform their own college labor.

Visiting the city shortly after, I could not resist the impulse to seek for him, in a quiet way, but when I found his miserable lodgings he was gone. Evidently his departure was very recent, for his room remained as he had left it. Torn bits of paper lay about the floor, and recognizing on them Jenner's peculiar hand-writing, I began mechanically to pick them up. Suddenly on two of the pieces that matched in my hands, I fancied I discovered a thought of beauty, and knowing the genius of the man, my curiosity (for which I did not think at the moment to feel ashamed) set me on to try and reunite those patches of the lost labor of one so brilliant and so depraved. At first I could make but little of the scattered scholasticisms, but having gained a clue to the following poem, I could not forbear until I had with great pains put so much of it together that I could copy it. I thought it might refer to his sister, and I treasure it carefully, for it affords me evidence that there were glimpses of holy memories, and some throbs of redeeming feeling in the breast of my misguided classmate:—

"Mute is that voice of love!

I shall not hear it bless me when I cross
The dear old threshold more; and I shall stray
To her forsaken chamber, seeking her,
And find myself in dreams bespeaking her
Among a thousand memories. The day,
The night, will see me weep and hear me pray
When I am there; and all my hopeless loss
Will whisper to me when I turn away,
But she will never speak again.

"Still is that tender heart

That used to beat so warmly when I came
To meet her after weary absences,
Asking of home. The grave they make for her
Is deep; but ah, the wounds that ache for her
Are deeper in this bosom, where all bliss
Is curdled now to hopeless bitterness.
Dear heart, that bounded at my very name—
How would it bleed to know I grieved like this!
But it will never beat again.

"She died like melody

On some sweet instrument. In one brief lull
Of fevered agony she passed away,
Smiling in speechless peace. They wait for her
In halls that miss her song. The gate for her
Stands open. There are wishful lips that say
'Come back to me.' And there full many a day
Your lips shall murmur for the beautiful
Till all but mine forget the prayer they pray.
But she will never come again.

"And O, to bear my curse,

Remembering how I parted in my wrath
From her who loved me all too well to smile
Upon my sin! No gentle-handed art
Can ease the misery of Cain's branded heart,
And it must smelt alone. Mile after mile
I wander without joy. To that bright isle
She used to tell of, could I find the path,
She might receive me, and forgive my guilt;
But we shall never meet again."

What finally became of this wayward son of genius I never positively knew. My next intimation of him came in a letter from a friend resident in Rochester, N. Y., who assured me that a profane, half-drunken, tatterdemalion, engaged in cleaning sewers in that city had been identified as Charles Jenner! Was it he? I could not believe it, and yet it was not impossible.

Less than a year afterwards, a man was mortally wounded in a fight in one of the concert saloons of New York, whom, from a minute description which I read, and from something singular in the report of his dying words, I sadly suspected to be my unhappy classmate. Was it he? I would not believe it, and yet it was not impossible. Even now I impugn the afflicting thought that that splendid soul has gone down into the blackness of darkness, with the curse of his mother's despised counsel, and his sister's slighted love. It may, indeed, be so; but after all my misgivings, I find that my bosom still holds a feeble hope of his life and salvation.

I give his history as a warning to others. I have not told his real name, and I will not tell it. But when I stood in the forest to-day alone, and the trees scattered down their "speckled plumage" on my head, and the squirrel skipped by me with the last nut of his fall forage, and unfrequent birds flitted uneasily through the thin shadow, and the low, deep organ-minor of the north wind played among the hollows, a shower of sunshine rippled through the netted branches above me, and seemed to write the promise at my feet, "Thy brother shall rise again."

QUEST.

THE PEACE OF GOD.

"The sun is very hot on this side of the boat," said a portly gentleman, who, with two ladies, was standing on the deck of a large steamboat.

"It is boiling," said one of the ladies fretfully, raising a tiny parasol. "It will ruin my complexion; and on the other end of the boat it is blowing a perfect gale. For my part I don't see any pleasure in it."

"Nor I, said the other. "It is hollow, like the other so-called pleasures. I don't believe there is such a thing

in the world as happiness. I would be glad to find even peace; but the more you cry, 'Peace, peace,' the more you feel that there is no peace."

They were startled by a voice saying, "O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandment! then had thy peace been as a river." Turning, they saw an old man leaning heavily on a cane, for he was evidently past his threescore and ten years. His garments were coarse and ill-fitting, though they were carefully brushed, and the ladies drew back with a dignified air. The gentleman was about to order the intruder away, but his gaze was fixed afar off on the calm flowing waters of the river, and they contented themselves with drawing away.

The lady who had last spoken leaned over the side of the boat, and looked for a time down into the water. Then she said:—

"That wasn't a bad comparison of the old fellow, about peace flowing as a river. Just think of it, calm, but deep, never ceasing, never ending; lost only in an ocean of the same. I would give the world for such a peace as that."

"There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God."

The old man was still gazing at the blue waters, and perhaps was speaking aloud unconsciously; but an angry exclamation escaped from the gentleman, and they walked hastily away. Meeting the captain, the gentleman said:—

"Captain, why did you allow that crazy man on board?"

"What crazy man, Mr. Porter? O!" as his eye followed Mr. Porter's, "that is old Father Reid. He is no more crazy than I am. He was once a wealthy merchant, but failed. He paid his creditors in full, but he left himself penniless. He says it was a blessed day for him, for it led him to seek for rest and peace where alone they may be found. He is the happiest man I ever saw, and I meet with a great many men in my trips, up and down the river;" and the busy captain bowed, and passed on.

In the afternoon a thunder-storm arose, the lightning flashed, the thunder pealed, the waters foamed, while the boat shook as if it were a reed at the mercy of the storm. The passengers were terrified, ladies shrieked, and even sturdy men paled. Loud and clear, in the midst of the tumult, rose the voice of Father Reid,—

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the seas; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof; . . . God shall help us, and that right early!"

The terror-stricken passengers almost felt as if he were a prophet, for even as he spoke the clouds broke, and though the rain still fell gently, a beautiful bow spanned the waters.

"Behold!" said Father Reid, "behold the sign of God's promise, and be at peace; and he quietly slipped out of the cabin, followed by Miss Porter, who grasped his hand, and asked—

"Sir, how can I obtain this rest and peace?"

He looked at her with eyes full of love and pity, and said gently,

"Jesus said, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

"I have heard that often before," said she, "but it seems new."

"Yes, it is the old, old story, yet ever new; but it is all you can do. Only trust him, and follow him; then, indeed, the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your heart and mind through Jesus Christ."

THE BOSTON CONFLAGRATION. TO MERCHANTS AND CAPITALISTS.

BY REV. DANIEL STEELE, D. D.

Preached in Tremont Street Methodist Episcopal Church, on the Evening of November 17.

"Go to, now, ye that say, to-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell and get gain; whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. For that ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live, and do this or that. But now ye rejoice in your boastings: all such rejoicing is evil."—JAMES IV. 13-16.

St. James was an unsparing reprove of the faults of the Christian Church of his times. He evidently writes for believers, since he everywhere addresses his readers as brethren. He pointedly rebukes their errors in doctrine, and in practice, insisting with great emphasis upon an upright and holy life, full of good works as the fruit of faith. Christians of that day, within twenty years from the pentecostal effusion of the Holy Spirit, had become, in some instances, avaricious, oppressive, proud, worldly, and forgetful of God. St. James does not shrink from the utterance of the plainest reproofs of his brethren, thus becoming a model for the Christian ministry in all succeeding ages. "This epistle is full of earnestness, plain speaking, and holy severity." It is evidently addressed to Jews who had become Christians.

Our text bears internal proof of this. It is characteristic of the Jews to throng cities and to engage in trade. St. James does not rebuke this congregating in cities. Cities are a necessity of civilization. When Columbus discovered America, he found a people who had no cities. They did not need them. They were savages. Each man manufactured in a rude way, all things necessary for his subsistence. Each made his own stone-hatchet, his own wigwag, his own bow and arrows, his own clothes of skins, his own shoes, and weapons of war. The only professional class were the medicine men. Such a people would perish if gathered together into a great city. They must be scattered over broad hunting-grounds.

The first step toward civilization, is the division of labor; one man making all the bows and arrows, makes them better and more expeditiously, and so saves in both these ways; another making the clothes, another the houses. But the bow and arrowmaker cannot eat his bows; he must barter with the hunter; hence the principle of exchange has come in, and must come in with the mechanic arts. But to save the time of the hunter, to find a manufacturer of bows and arrows, and another who makes clothes, and another who makes shoes, some man gathers all these things together into a place where the hunter may find them, and exchange the products of the chase. Hence merchants, or middle men, between the producer and the consumer, are necessary to civilization. Intercourse between nations reveals the fact that each country has an abundance of some one thing necessary to the comfort of life. Hence commerce, or the interchange of commodities between countries, is necessary to civilization.

Here is trade again on a large scale, wholesale trade. Hence the necessity of great centres where manufactures and commerce may gather their products for distribution and exchange. These great emporiums, or places of trade become, with the growth of the country, great cities, and their inhabitants are nearly all in some way connected with trade. Until the human race falls down into the savage state, great cities and great merchants must exist; they are as necessary to civilized life as the heart, the great blood distributor is to animal life. There are evils incident to great cities; they attract not only the enterprise of the country, but the adventurers, the dangerous and criminal classes, because vice can organize itself into institutions in the crowded centres of population.

In addition to this, the depravity of the human heart seems to be intensified and developed in great cities. Facilities for corruption abound more than in the country, and facility is a tremendous temptation and incentive to sin. Then, again, success in trade piles up wealth, and wealth begets luxury, and luxury breeds all the vices. There are also peculiar opportunities for doing good in cities; good people can organize schemes of Christian philanthropy. Antioch was the first missionary city; it was not the last. A thousand beneficent organizations spring up in our great cities. Boston itself is the cradle of many of these, as well as that of American Liberty. Trade has some very beneficial effects upon character. Merchants are, as a class, more liberal than the tillers of the soil. Hence, St. James must not be understood as finding fault with the occupation of the merchant, though we shall show presently that there is good reason for selecting that class above all others, and warning them of a danger to which they are specially exposed. Nor does the apostle condemn gain, or activity in view of gain. This is the great incentive to all human industries. The farmer scatters his seed for gain, the sailor spreads his sail for gain, the fisherman lets down his net, the mechanic plies his trade, the merchant fills his warehouse from motives of gain. What then does St. James so pointedly rebuke in the text? He rebukes the habit of ignoring God's will in the management of our earthly interests, of planning and launching out upon great schemes for gain, without regard to His claims, and without reference to His overruling providence. All classes of men are in danger of this great mistake in the conduct of their business. The agriculturist may plough and sow and reap in forgetfulness of Him who sends the rain, pours the sunlight, and gives the increase. The mechanic may ply his trade in utter disregard of God.

But we believe that those who stand day after day in our great marts of trade, are especially prone to neglect God, and to do business independently of the Divine will. Hence St. James does not characterize the farmers, as saying Go to, now, we will go into the fields, and plough, and sow, and reap gain. Why address his admonition to the merchants? We see a reason. The merchant's occupation is one far more absorbing, exciting, and fascinating than that of any other great class. The agriculturist is calm; his business does not harass and engross all his thoughts. The mechanic has so trained his muscles that they perform the labors of his handicraft almost automatically, without conscious volition. He can think of God, and ply his mechanic art at the same time. The same may be said of the keeper of a country variety store at the four corners, ten miles away from any competitor. But this is a far different thing from traffic amid the rivalry of a thousand jealous competitors, amid the intense activity of a great commercial emporium. Here a man needs to have a large and active brain, a cool and far-seeing mind. He must have forecast, reading the coming future, and providing for its wants. He must keep his eyes open to the state of the markets at home and abroad; he must read their future state in the growing crops, in the effect of wars and pestilences and famine. He must quickly adjust his interests to the fluctuations of the currency; he must exercise a constant vigilance against trusting knavish or incompetent creditors; he must make a study of his insurance, and know that it is strong; he must be watchful of his clerks lest they embezzle his gains; he must be ever on the alert lest his rival steal away his business. It is not surprising that such a man should forget to pray with his family in the morning, that he should pass the whole day without entering into his closet for communion with God, and that at night, after an exhausting wrestle with a thousand unexpected perplexities, he should have no mind for attending the prayer or class-meeting in the evening, and that the Sabbath should be spent in physical repose instead of worship.

Against this tendency of his occupation to crowd God out of his thoughts. St. James, under Divine inspiration, lifts up a warning; and every Christian merchant ought to be thankful to God for kindly specializing his occupation, and for setting up a safeguard against its moral and spiritual perils. For there are moral perils, uncharted quicksands upon which he may almost unconsciously drift, and make shipwreck of a good conscience and of faith, both together. His competitors may have neither religious convictions nor moral principle to restrain them from resorting to unjust practices for the sake of rapid gains. Perhaps the majority of his rivals have adopted unjust methods of business. The temptation is strong to make the transition from the New Testament morality embraced in the golden rule, do ye to others as ye

would, etc., to the silver rule of commercial ethics, do ye to others as others do to you. At this critical point where gain seems to point one way, and conscience points straight forward in another, the merchant needs that Divine help which is called *grace*, to keep his feet from the path in which thousands have stumbled over the precipice of ruin. Then again there is something in having immediate gain in view distinctly before the eyes, which is perilous to the merchant's character. The agriculturist does not know how much he has added to his wealth by each day's ploughing in the field; he toils on day after day, without the vivid realization of either gain or loss. It is always difficult for him to balance accounts, to take account of stock. But the merchant knows what his sales have amounted to each day, and hence the idea of gain comes home to him every day, and insensibly fires his soul with ambitious desires for still greater gains. Hence he enlarges his business often beyond his capacity to manage with ease. He is cumbered with many things. The cares of this world spring up and choke the word, and he becomes a fruitless tree in the garden of the Lord. Many of our merchants have lost sight of Christ from this very cause. In their small retail business they were diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. But they have extended their business so much, that they have taken burdens too broad and heavy for their shoulders. They are still diligent in business, but fervency of spirit and service to the Lord have been smothered by the multitude of cares.

Said a fellow-traveler on a railroad, "I go down this grade every week, but I am always afraid of a disaster." Said I, "my trust in Christ keeps me from fear." "I used to travel on those feelings," said he. "Why not now?" "Crowded out by life insurance." He was a general agent in that business. If to divide the burden of responsibility, a partnership is formed, care is not always taken to associate with a partner who has faith in Christ. He may be so intensely in love with the world that his unbelief may influence you, and produce an eclipse of faith in your soul. His lack of moral principle may gradually undermine your integrity, and work your moral downfall.

Then there is great danger of forgetting God in the use of your gains. The successful merchant is tempted to say, these thousands are mine. I will do with them as I please. They are the product of my brain-throbs, the fruit of my tireless industry and unflagging speed in the race. To the victor belong the spoils. I will build me palaces for summer and winter, I will furnish them with the most superb adornments. I will fare sumptuously every day. My children shall be lapped in luxury, and ride in splendor; their hands shall not be hardened with toil. I will spend my declining years in dignified leisure. All this he purposes in his heart, and thinks, not of God the great Giver, who has set him up, and given him brains, hands, money, and all things. He forgets that he is a steward, and that he is the sole proprietor of not a single dime of all the wealth which God has poured into his hands, to develop his character, and to test his fidelity. All this has dropped completely out of his thoughts, and he cherishes the fond hallucination that he is rich, and increased in goods, and has need of nothing, knowing not that he is poor and wretched and destitute and blind and naked. God counsels him to buy eye-salve, that he may see, but he rejects the kind advice, and persists in idolizing God's money, and fancying that it is his own.

It would be a great mercy to his soul to disenchment him by some sudden and startling stroke by which God should unexpectedly withdraw his funds from the hands of his agent, and show him his absolute nakedness and poverty in the world, while he is not rich in faith, rich toward God. Hence I see mercy in the financial crashes which sometimes come with the suddenness and violence of a tornado, prostrating thousands who fancied that their foundations were firm as the everlasting hills. I cannot interpret the great conflagration which has overtaken our city, and made us all poorer by the loss of six score millions. Yet my faith says that it is in mercy rather than in wrath. How many of us have been counting God out in all our calculations. How many have been forsaking God, the fountain of good, and have been hewing out for ourselves cisterns which can hold no water. God has showed us our folly before it is too late, before we are left in eternal thirst to let down our bucket into a dry cistern, bitterly cursing our days of fancied prosperity when we throw away the true and durable riches. God has always been thus merciful to deceived men, in dispelling the illusions which were leading them to their own destruction.

Boston has been rapidly growing in wealth. Many have within a few years been lifted up on the wings of great prosperity. They have mounted to giddy heights, where the head swims. For their safety God has brought them down to the ground. All these things does God work with a man to keep back his soul from the pit. How few of all the merchants of our city are conducting their business as commission merchants for the Lord, calling their gains His gains, and cheerfully honoring every draft which their Master presents to them. Such there are, but they are few: the majority were doing business for themselves, and not for the Lord. To reach and save this majority, God is willing that some of His own stewards who handle merchandise for His glory, should suspend business for Him for a season, or forever. They have lost nothing, because they had nothing to lose. It is God's loss. No child of God has lost anything by this conflagration. There can be no such thing as an ultimate and absolute loss to one who loves God. All things are yours. All things work together for good to them that love God. Who shall harm you if ye be followers of that which is good? Even old Socrates, in the midnight of pagan Athens, said to his judges on the day that he was tried for his life, "It is impossible that a bad man should ever harm a good man."

Did you ever think of it, that wicked men and fallen angels, though they should all combine and concentrate their malice on one righteous soul, they could not injure him—they could only lift him higher in the Divine regard, and increase His glory? No child of Christ has sustained any loss by the great calamity. Did he fall through the burning roof, bravely doing a fireman's duty? He went swiftly to glory, and

life eternal. Does he languish in the hospital, burned or wounded in the conflict with the fire-fiend? Still the balance of gain is with the believer in Christ. These light afflictions, which are for a moment, shall work out a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. He is adding beauty, symmetry, and grace to the immortal part. Have not his goods and his warehouses disappeared on the wings of fire, and is not this a loss to him? No, we reply, it is God's loss; not his stewards'. Is he not thrown out of employment for the winter, and perhaps long after? No. He is in God's hands, and He will take good care of him. But how about living on charity? Is it not humiliating? Is there not a loss of self-respect here? Was there a loss of self-respect in the firemen when kind citizens brought them food, while they stood by the blazing building fighting the flames? No, say you, they were laboring for the common good. So does every child of God labor for the common good; and as long as he does his duty, he may eat his food holding up his head in self-respect, whether it be in the house of a friend, or in a city soup dispensary. There is nothing to be ashamed of in this world but sin.

Seeing that men in our great cities are so completely absorbed in their gains as to forget God, He takes various ways of thrusting His personality into their minds. He confounds well-concerted schemes. He breaks in with astonishing suddenness when God was not in all of man's thoughts. He breathes upon the minds of men, and lo, every man distrusts his fellow, and credit is gone, and a thousand fortunes go with it. He opens his fist, and lets the hurricane sweep land and sea. He shoots out his lightnings, and discomfits the men who have, by their acts, declared their independence. The swelling floods overwhelm and engulf their wealth; grim war in a day devours their substance; the earthquake in a moment topples down their foundations, which they gloried in as eternal; or suddenly, while they sleep, God unfetters the fire-fiend, and permits him to riot in the destruction of a city. Vain are our attempts to fence ourselves in against God. We may make our cities fire-proof, but we cannot make them God-proof. Mr. Emerson intended to be expressive, not profane, when he said, "God always plays with loaded dice." Our poor sagacity is no match for His prescience. We are very wise after the event.

On October 7, 1871, the wise men of the world who wished to realize 10 or 12 per cent. for their money, were placing it in the great emporium of the Northwest. Thither shrewd merchants sent their goods; thither capital gravitated to find investment; thither insurance went asking for risks. But on October 9, all the world were wisely saying that a wooden city raked by a prairie wind must burn. In the very nature of things—it's a wonder it did not burn before. Wise after the event. On November 9, 1872, the solid men of Boston were putting their life-earnings and the inheritances of their dead ancestors into palatial granite warehouses. Far-seeing and cautious trustees of colleges, wishing to invest their endowments for all coming time, eagerly competed for the same investments. Our enterprising merchants filled these structures with costly goods, and slept well by night, undisturbed by the fire alarm. We all thought them wise, as we walked by these towering granite piles, saying to each other, "What manner of stones, what buildings are these?" But on November 10, we were all eloquent in our condemnation of Mansard roofs made of combustibles so high up as to be out of reach of the most skillful and powerful fire department. We are wise again after the event. But God was just as wise before the calamity; but He did not choose to interpose to save us from harm when we carelessly transgressed physical law. There was no intentional defiance of the laws of nature, but simply a neglect of proper safeguards, suggesting the disastrous consequences which are to follow those who have never taken time to answer the inspired question, "How shall ye escape if ye neglect so great salvation?" Wisdom after that event will be eternally too late.

But, says one, we will build up our city more wisely. We will guard every point, and will reach absolute security. Shall we succeed? History shakes her head. The human race have been making just such blunders, and improving upon their bitter experiences for nearly six thousand years; and the fruitage of all that budding and blossoming and blighting are the apples of Sodom, apples of ashes, covering an orchard of sixty acres in the very heart of intellectual Boston, the seat of science and art, the Athens of America. In no earthly interest shall we ever reach a point where we can be independent of God's will, where we can unerringly predict what we will do on the morrow. To be deeply impressed with this truth, and to shape all our conduct in accordance therewith, is to live religiously, is to pass the time of our sojourning here in fear. What is your life? It is a vapor, or, as the text of Alford reads, What sort of a thing is your life? Ye are a vapor, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. Our life is but a flash, and we are gone. Soon our bodies will lie in ruins as shapeless as the majestic structures on Franklin Street. My mercantile friend, have you looked into the profit and loss account of your soul in probation? One day you will not go to your warehouse, but to your dying bed. One day, not far hence, you will look into your ledger for the last time. Then you will be called to settle an account standing to your name in God's great ledger. How stands the account? Where are your soul's treasures? In what kind of a safe are they secured? Will it abide the fires of the Judgment Day, or will they then turn to ashes and leave you an eternal pauper? "Is your insurance good?" is the question of the past week. Is your soul's insurance good? Do you know that you have made your election sure? Have you the witness of the Spirit—an indubitable insurance policy, ensuring your eternal well being? Have you a place to resume business in after death has toppled down your present structure, your body? Can you say with St. Paul, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens?" Will you carry any capital through death's fires? All that will be of any worth to you then will be character, transformed, renewed, sanctified by the blood of sprinkling. An unholty character after death is eter-

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Free to 1873.

—AND—

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A. S. WEED, Publishing Agent,
36 Bromfield Street, Boston.

THE HERALD.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 12, 1872.

PREVENTION RATHER THAN CURE.

A young man about twenty-four years of age, of fine address, called at our editorial rooms and left an article for examination, a few weeks since. It proved to be well written and interesting, and was accepted. Last week he called again with another paper. It was at once evident that he was under the influence of stimulants. He at first denied the charge, but with the next breath acknowledged the fact, and sank down into a chair the picture of despair. "God knows," he said, "I fight against this appetite; but there are times when I am perfectly mad for drink, and I cannot restrain myself. No one can tell me anything about the injury it is doing me. If one should preach to me an hour, he could not tell me anything I do not know about the misery of drinking, and he could not help me to leave it off. What can I do?" He reluctantly disclosed, in reference to himself, a few facts, fearful that some intimation of his condition might reach his friends who had already suffered bitterly on his account. He is a graduate of Oxford, Eng.; was in the public service in India for seven years, passing all his examinations creditably; but from his position he was sent home to his father on account of this fatal habit of drunkenness. He has been in almost all quarters of the globe, but his fiery appetite follows him like an insatiate demon wherever he goes, and interrupts his success in every form of employment. He is a fine writer, and a skillful artist. He would have no difficulty in earning a handsome living; but what can a madman do? He first becomes insane for drink, and then delirious in it. His family in England are Wesleyans, and every Sabbath since he has been in Boston he has been among the worshippers in the Bromfield Street chapel. It was a pathetic story which he told of human impotence within the folds of a serpent more terrible than the one that crushed the Trojan Laocöon and his sons. There is only one resource in such a desperate case. Only He who has power to work miracles, could snatch such a man from the jaws of a drunkard's hopeless fate.

This incident occurred only two days after a visit to our room of a wretched man who had about reached the last stages of intemperance. He was filthy, feeble, homeless, trembling, unable to obtain employment, not knowing whence the next meal would come, or where he could sleep the next night. When we edited the *Sunday-School Messenger*, nearly thirty years ago, he was a printer on the paper, with a good promise before

him of working out an honorable and successful career. Here he was an absolute wreck, without hope in this world or the world beyond.

Now to say that there are at this moment ten thousand just such helpless drunkards in the country, who have the same keen consciousness of their misery and helplessness, that they are entailing the same indescribable agonies upon their families, fails to impress us; for it is impossible for the mind to take the awful figures into its comprehension, so as to realize all that is involved in them. But such individual cases, standing before us, and illustrating, more vividly than any description could paint, the horrors of intemperance, impress most powerfully the spectator. We see it for ourselves, as no tongue can describe it. It is impossible to hear the sinking cry of these overwhelmed men—"save or I perish"—without looking about us and starting afresh the inquiry, "is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?"

We would not discourage efforts to save intemperate men. We have known many instances of wonderful cures even in desperate cases, where tempted men have laid hold of the Divine hand, and walked with God through the flames of this fearful furnace. We have known many more instances of failure. One rises to our memory as we write—a young man of remarkable promise, for whom, after this appetite had become confirmed, religious parents and friends put forth the most earnest and protracted efforts to save him. But it was all in vain. He would rise up from the dust for a few weeks to sink down all the lower in despair after the ineffectual trial.

There is only one positive way to save men from intemperance, and that is to persuade them before it is too late, wholly to avoid alcoholic drinks. Our children must be defended. The former earnestness of purpose and wisdom of organization must be revived among our youths. They must be trained to resist the first solicitations of this dreadful temptation. They must be defended from the domestic and social examples and importunities that now, in too many instances, beset their steps. We are pained to hear, not unfrequently of late, the remark, in unexpected quarters, that temperance men have been too radical, and carried matters with too rough and persistent a hand. We have been more pained to see that the wine cup is gradually resuming its place on the side-board and dinner-table. All this is sufficiently ominous; simply to neglect the young is to peril them; what must be the consequence if we actually tempt them?

The community must defend itself, and its weak citizens, to the utmost of its constitutional powers, from the fatal cup. No social position or accumulated wealth can make the business of ruining men for time and eternity honorable; and if men have not conscience enough to keep themselves from such employment, they must be restrained, as we do all violent persons who war against the peace of society. When the fire is raging over the city, the Chief Engineer blows up private property without hesitation, and would be justly blamed if he delayed a moment because some few aggrieved individuals protested against such high-handed proceedings. The peril of the many outweighs the personal inconvenience and interest of the few. With such a train of irremediable woes following the indulgence of social drinking, affecting every interest of society, and even involving its well-being, no reasonable measures to put an end to the temptations and opportunities for its gratification, can be wisely delayed. No pure exigencies of party, or weaknesses of sentiment, are to be regarded for a moment. Whatever practical defenses of the community from this overshadowing evil can be devised, must be resolutely originated and firmly established. To the coming General Court the eyes of the good men of the Commonwealth will be turned with a reasonable expectation that no efficient legislation in this direction will be omitted.

THE FRENCH "CRISIS."

The French have had another "crisis" in their political affairs, through which the nation has barely escaped with its republican life. Naturalists affirm that human nature can get used to almost anything, but it is pretty clear that the French cannot get used to a "crisis" so as to take it coolly, for they have certainly had enough of them to become quite accustomed to them. But this last, like the score that have preceded it, seems to have thrown the nation into a fever heat, and almost to have engendered a new revolution.

The evil day, however, appears only to be put off for the period is rapidly approaching when Thiers' periodical cry of "wolf" in the threat of resignation will cease to exert its power, and he will be allowed to go; and his withdrawal from the helm will assuredly be the downfall of the so-called Republic. The state of affairs is

such as could exist nowhere but in France. The chief of the nation calls it a Republic, but declares in the same breath that he is a monarchist, and only accepts the republican form because he believes the monarchy just now impossible, and therefore, counsels the "conservative republic." It is impossible to believe that he does this for any other reason than to retain the possession of power, for the conservative republic alone can keep him in the presidential chair.

The monarchists have used him thus far simply to secure time and the most solid foundation attainable for the prosecution and solidification of their plans; and as soon as they can see these sufficiently assured, they throw off the veil. Thiers is almost conquered, and is thoroughly discouraged, as may be seen in the desperate effort which he makes to retain his power, and the loophole which he yet preserves as a means of escape in defeat.

The truth is, that since the establishment of the Provisional Government the monarchists have been infinitely more active than the republicans, and have been quite unscrupulous as to the means employed. It seems now quite certain that the newly-announced miracles, the establishment of shrines, and the vast pilgrimages instituted with so much haste and pomp, are clearly in the interest of the conservative monarchy, and the ultramontane clergy; they have been brought into being and notice, not to advance the cause of even the Catholic religion, but rather to answer the basest purposes of political agitation. Under the cover of pious fervor, and devotional prayers, the most excitable passions of the human soul have been stirred up, and fanned into a lurid flame.

The scandalous and ridiculous pilgrimages to Lourdes and La Salette were simply a conspiracy on the part of the legitimist clergy to advance the interests of Henry V.; for it is notorious that during these scenes his name was in every mouth as the king by Divine right, and the most passionate appeals were made to the ignorant and enthusiastic pilgrims to place upon their banners the lilies of the ancient Bourbons. And when the peasantry of half the nation were allured like a flock of sheep to miraculous fountains, or wonder-working shrines, then "Henry of the Lilies" issued his famous proclamation, asking the nation to look on and see how Catholic and monarchical was his dear France.

The conspiracy, however, was a failure, for the reply to it at the polls in the recent special elections was a return of republican representatives, and, therefore, doubtless, the desperate boldness of the monarchical faction, all shades of which are now combining against Thiers for fear of the contingency of new elections. The monarchists and the clergy are combined to destroy ever the hopes of a republic, and their most active, though secret agents, are the French Jesuits. And in this crisis the liberal factions have not the courage to step up boldly and openly against the Jesuits because it sees in them allies against Germany. Thus the foolish spirit of revenge so strongly cherished against a neighboring nation blinds the republicans of France to their own true and real interests.

These strange contrasts are the most marked characteristics of the French nation, so full of inconsistencies; a nation that permits itself to be controlled by impressions rather than principles, and which is continually doing something better or worse than is expected of it. One day they are the open enemies of obedience and order, and the next we find them prepared to serve with a servile faith. They are never so free that they may not soon become slaves, and never such abject slaves that in a day they may not throw off the yoke.

They now cherish so deep a hatred toward the Germany that they cannot fairly unite their own forces, and are unwilling to take the necessary time either to examine, or to strengthen their weakest points. They still live in the foolish fantasy that they are at the head of civilization, and waste their strength in the endeavor to retain control of European policy, while unable to shape their own affairs. Their most enlightened statesman well said of them, "That they are more capable of heroism than of virtue, of mental flights than of sound common sense; more calculated to invent stupendous plans than to carry out great undertakings, the most brilliant and the most dangerous of the nations of Europe."

THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

The importance of this great trans-continental route is hardly appreciated yet, either commercially, politically, or religiously. It is opening a vast country, into which active, intelligent people are going in great numbers, and among whom churches must be promptly planted, or they will relapse into a rough, uncouth, semi-infidel community. And not until the Church

learns the full force of the words, "Of those whom Thou gavest me have I lost none," will it make as ample provision for saving what it has already got, as it does for saving what it may never get. Within the territory, in Minnesota, opened up by the Northern Pacific, there will be in less than twenty years a large annual conference. Already the tide of immigration is immense. Where only one year ago there was open naked prairie, now there are thriving villages of several hundred inhabitants each. This one State of Minnesota, to say nothing of the almost limitless fields stretching out to the west and north, is nearly 20,000 square miles larger than all New England; and some day, not far in the future, must have a commercial and political power and significance which few suspect at the present time. It is common now for eastern people, when western countries are mentioned, to say, "Ah, that is a long way from here." The time will come when many eastern cities will have their distances computed from Chicago, St. Paul, or Minneapolis, and Duluth. Longitude is reckoned from Washington as well as from Greenwich, and distances will be computed from the centre of our great Republic, and not from its edges. Coal from Pittsburg, and salt from Syracuse, can be laid down as cheaply in Duluth as it can in Chicago. The wheat fields of Minnesota are as near the eastern market as the wheat fields of Illinois; and in that cereal they are twice as productive. St. Paul is the radiating centre of a larger country than our fathers knew forty years ago. William H. Seward, speaking in St. Paul, in 1860, said: "The centre of influence in this country is to be not far from where I stand to-day." The waters which flow into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Hudson's Bay, and the Gulf of Mexico, having their several sources very near together in Northern Minnesota, were prophetic of the same fact long before. The diversity of the scenery, lake and stream, woodland prairie, hill and plain, together with fertile soil and healthful climate, are sure to fulfill the prophecy. The hundreds of pioneers of to-day are but the advanced guard of the coming millions.

But the people of the East and South have a great horror of our rigorous climate. The Minnesotan, however, is able heartily to reciprocate the dislike. We prefer our invigorating cold to your enervating heat. You will seldom meet a person here who does not prefer our winters to the winters elsewhere; and we have come from every whither. We like the clear, crisp, steady cold which makes the pulse bound and the feet spry, rather than the murky cloud, the sleet, and the slush. We choose to freeze a little rather than to chill. In freezing, the teeth do not rattle, which is every way more convenient. But as a matter of fact we claim to have just that degree of mean temperature which has been demonstrated to be the best for the social, commercial, and intellectual interests of society. The line of mean summer temperature which passes through Middle Minnesota and Northern Dakota, and makes its horse-shoe bend in the heart of the Saskatchewan country, which is 500 miles north of St. Paul, is the same isothermal which passes through Chicago, Cleveland, Harrisburg, Southern France, Lombardy, and the wheat-growing districts of Southern Russia. Duluth and Northern Minnesota are in the same latitude of Paris and Vienna, and of course in a lower latitude than either London or Berlin.

To us there is a significance in the fact, that along these northern lines of latitude, the world around, is to be found the wealth, the culture, the enterprise, and power which rule the world. The great lines of communication, whether by steam or lightning, on land or sea, are northern, and not southern. We look at the neatly-painted New England home, and the thrifty New England village, in comparison with the slatternly homes and towns of southern and tropical countries; we put the intelligent activities of the northern man alongside the lassitude and slow-pacedness of the southern man, and come to the conclusion that we have here precisely the elements to stimulate hope, and just enough of impediments to develop the intensest energy which must lead on to the grandest success. And already facts sustain the conclusion. New England is repeating itself in Minnesota. Our homes are bright and thrifty; trade is active and prosperous; our cities and towns are being filled with churches, and we boast of a common school system, and of common schools, which are not common, because they are second to none in the Union.

Starting from Duluth at present, and running west through one of the grandest wheat-growing countries of the world, is the Northern Pacific Railroad. With very important connections and branches north, south, east, and west, it must become one of the most rich and profitable carrying lines in the whole world. Already, by its crossing at the Red River and the Glyndon branch, to the Red Lake crossing, it must do the large carrying trade for Pembina and Manitoba, while by

reaching the Missouri, it is where it must be able to command the immense business of the Upper Missouri and the Montana mining regions. Its lands, as well as the lands of the government, anywhere, almost, west of the Leaf River, are rich and beautiful. No more beautiful or picturesque country, interspersed with lovely lakes, and a fair proportion of woodlands, can be found than Becker County. While further west, the Red River Valley, itself 75 miles wide by 200 miles long, will soon be the grandest wheat-field in the world. These lands are now available to settlers. But the rapid tide of emigration points to the fact that the time for pre-empting, and for homesteading, or even for purchase on terms so favorable as may now be had, will soon be passed forever. Those who come should come with purpose and energy. For even now to make a home in a new land implies something of sacrifice, and toil, and waiting.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Stanley's book, "How I Found Livingstone," has come out in England, and attracts much attention. The papers are in the main commendatory, except in the instances where Mr. Stanley animadverted on his treatment by English officials.

Mr. Anthony Trollope, the novelist, who has been taking a trip around the world, and is now on his way home, spent two days of last week in New York.

Mr. Babson, one of the literary antiquaries of Boston, has been preparing a volume of the scattered essays and sketches of Leigh Hunt. The work, enriched by many valuable notes, will shortly be published by Lee & Shepard. The flames of the great fire almost touched the pages of this book, but fortunately it escaped unscathed.

G. P. Putnam & Sons have just published, "Never Again," a new novel by the author of "Kaloolah."

Judge C. P. Daly, of New York, in his welcoming speech to Mr. H. M. Stanley, before the American Geographical Society, said that Mr. Stanley had told him he had never heard of the American Geographical Society until Dr. Livingstone informed him of its existence, in the wilds of Africa. A new exemplification of the saying, that one must go away from home to hear the news.

The Cornhill Magazine calls Goethe's "Faust," the greatest work of the century's greatest poet.

H. S. Goodspeed & Co. have just brought out Rev. Ingram Cobbin's "Child's Commentator on the Bible." The volume is a very bulky one, and contains a large number of illustrations.

Gould & Lincoln will shortly bring out a uniform edition of the works of Rev. Nehemiah Adams, D. D. The titles of the works are, "Friends of Christ in the New Testament," "Christ a Friend," "Communion Sabbath," "Agnes and the Little Key," and "Catherine, or the Early Saved."

The Landlady in "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," says that she has known persons who would quarrel with the angel Gabriel if he lived in the house with them, and scold at him, and tell him he was always dropping his feathers round, if they couldn't find anything else to bring up against him.

Gail Hamilton has a book in press by Messrs. Shepard & Gill, similar in character and style to her "Little Folk Life."

The same firm has also in preparation "The Soul's Inquiries Answered," by George Washington Moon. For the latter volume, Rev. T. L. Cuyler has written an introduction.

The story of "Gavroche, the Gamin of Paris," as found in the "Les Miserables" of Victor Hugo, has been drawn into a connected narrative, by Mrs. Pyle, of Wilmington, Del. It is an interesting tale, well translated.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is now in England.

Warren, Broughton & Wyman have lately brought out a number of Sunday-school books, some of them of considerable merit. The titles of them are, "Nettie Sterling," "Ollie and the Boys," and "Bashie's Service."

J. R. Osgood & Co. are issuing a cheap edition of the marvelous works of Thomas De Quincey. Two volumes are already out. The first containing "The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater and Autobiographic Sketches;" the second, "The Note-Book of an English Opium Eater, and Miscellaneous Essays."

The "Cyclopedia of the Best Thoughts of Charles Dickens," which Messrs. E. J. Hall & Son have been issuing during the past season, is nearly completed, five of the six numbers being already before the public. The quotations are arranged alphabetically, and embrace the best passages of the numerous books of the great novelist.

The religious public have just been favored with new editions of two volumes of poems, from the press of A.

D. F. Randolph & Co. They are, "The Changed Cross," and "The Shadow of the Rock." Each of these volumes contains a large number of new poems of considerable merit. The large majority of the pieces are the stray waifs of true poetic fervor which are occasionally found tucked away in the "poetical corner" of newspapers and magazines. The authors are in the main unknown.

A writer in *The Aldine* says, that several Chinese novels have been translated into English, the best known being "The Two Fair Cousins," which was a great favorite with Leigh Hunt.

The Aldine, which was the periodical to introduce the chromo as a premium for subscribers, enters the field for 1873, with two beautiful pictures which it promises to every subscriber. *The Aldine* is rapidly becoming one of the foremost educators of artistic culture, and is well worth, of itself, the full subscription price, but with these chromos is cheap beyond comparison.

The readers of *Our Young Folks* who have awaited with interest the chapters of "A Chance for Himself," as they appeared each month in that magazine, will be glad to know that the story has been published in book form, by J. R. Osgood & Co. Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, the author, is one of our most skillful writers for the young.

One of the fullest and most convenient commentaries upon the Bible, is "The Portable Commentary" by Drs. Jameson and Brown, and Rev. A. R. Fausset, in 4 12mo. vols., published by Gould & Lincoln. It is an admirable critical and explanatory pocket exegesis of the Old and New Testament. The whole work is sold for \$6.50, in 2 vols.; without the text, \$6.00.

Prof. Austin Phelps addresses an extended communication to Deacon Charles Stoddard, of the Old South Congregational Society in Boston, in reference to the proposed devotion of their venerable meeting-house to secular uses. While expressing great confidence in the good judgment of those entrusted with the responsibilities of this valuable church property, and appreciating the purpose expressed, of making it more immediately serviceable to the cause of Christ, by the erection of church edifices in the midst of family residences, where a congregation can be gathered, as it cannot now in the heart of the business portion of the city, he still, for himself and his colleagues in the Seminary Faculty, pleads for the retention on its present site, of the venerable edifice, and for its preservation from secularization. He urges this plea, all the more strenuously, from the fact of its very unsightliness—that it is not an imposing, gothic structure, of marked ecclesiastical proportions, but what its founders intended it should be, a simple, plain, Puritan meeting-house; an embodied protestation against ecclesiasticism. He wishes this model specimen of a form of architecture, now almost passed away, but very significant as a religious symbol and monument, to remain, silently but eloquently, preserving for the study of the ages, the important chapters in Church history, of which it is a significant hieroglyphic.

Dr. Phelps proposes that the building, properly fitted up, should be used for anniversaries and occasional lectures. The most important and eminently practical idea, however, which he suggests, is, that a series of endowed lectures, like the Bampton, or Boyle, of England, should be annually delivered in the Old South, and then be published for general circulation. In this way, certainly, a larger congregation could be addressed, and, perhaps, more positive benefit accomplished in the Master's cause than by any other form in which the income of the property could be appropriated. It would be a sad exchange for the well-known and always welcomed sight of the Old South spire, and the plain parallelogram of brick beneath it, to see the most graceful pile of granite or marble standing upon its site.

The trustees of Drew Theological Seminary, at their late meeting, accepted the resignation of Bishop Foster as President of the institution, and also as professor of sacred theology. The two offices, however, are not to be vacated until the close of the current academic year in June. Rev. John Miley, D. D., an honored member of the New York Conference, a brother-in-law of Bishop Foster, was elected on the first ballot to the vacant professorship. The chair of the President was not filled; the election for this office being postponed at the request of Mr. Drew.

Dr. Miley is in the full maturity of his powers, a thorough Wesleyan in his doctrinal views, an able preacher, and a man of excellent judgment, and of amiable and gentlemanly address. The Doctor is the pastor of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, Peekskill, N. Y., and will be able to discharge his pastoral duties until the close of the Conference year.

NEW ENGLAND EDUCATION SOCIETY.—According to due notice the Board of Managers of this Society met in the Wesleyan Association Building, Boston, Wednesday, the 4th inst. The Treasurer reported a deficit of \$350, and \$1,100 needed to meet the appropriations to existing beneficiaries for the current quarter, making \$1,450 liability. The ordinary receipts from churches during the balance of the year previous to the session of the Conferences would be \$300 or \$400—obliging the Society to borrow at least \$1,000 for the current quarter, without immediate payment of present debt. It is to be considered, also, that another quarterly payment of some \$1,100 will be due at the March quarterly meeting. In view of these embarrassments, the Board decided *not to receive applications for new beneficiaries*, at present; hence several cases reported by the Secretary were declined.

The Treasurer was authorized to borrow enough money to meet the appropriations of this quarter, and publish this statement in ZION'S HERALD. The action of the Board at its next quarterly meeting, the first Wednesday in March, will be determined by the state and prospects of the treasury.

A resolution submitted three months since, by Brother Mallalieu, was referred by the Managers to the next Board Meeting in March. The purport of the resolution is to consider the expediency of furnishing aid to young men and women designing to become missionary teachers; also, to consider the expediency of making all the loans obligatory in case the beneficiaries shall become able to refund or pay them. It is hoped that there will be a full attendance of Managers and Life Directors at the March meeting, when these and other subjects must be considered, and the report of the Secretary adopted and submitted to the Society.

E. OTHEMAN, Secretary and Treasurer.

The annual catalogue of Lawrence University shows progress in every department. It has a strong Faculty of six gentlemen and five ladies, with our New England Dr. George M. Steele at their head. Dr. Steele has been visiting our city in the interests of his institution, its library fund being invested in New England stocks. He is full of hope, and with substantial reason, of the growing prosperity of this young and vigorous college. In its academical department it numbered in 1872, 74 students, and in its preparatory department 53. In the associated schools for common English, commercial, and musical, and art instruction, it had nearly 400 additional pupils. These colleges of the people are educating our average population, and securing for us general intelligence of a high order. The religious tone of the institution is represented to be particularly grateful.

The Vermont Methodist Seminary and Female College issues its catalogue for the present year, with an encouraging number of students. During the Fall term it has had an attendance of 171, and an aggregate of 461 during the year. Rev. J. C. W. Cox, A. M., heads its Faculty, which consists of eight gentlemen and four ladies. The Principal is securing for himself a fine reputation as a cultivated and successful educator. The buildings of the institution are very convenient and well situated. Vermont Methodism has now an excellent opportunity to bestow upon its young people a good training under religious influences. Send along the boys and girls!

The New Hampshire Conference Seminary comes forward, also, with its annual catalogue, standing well up by the side of its sister institutions. Rev. John Bunyan Robinson, the head of the institution, combining in his name an apostle, the great allegorical writer and preacher, and the glorious old Puritan minister, has doubtless something of the remarkable trinity about him, justifying the prophetic title which he bears. The Faculty consists of four gentlemen and five ladies. There were 124 students present during the Fall term, and 389 during the year. It is an excellent school. We have often referred to it. New Hampshire Methodists cannot avoid endowing it as it ought to be, and should be, at an early date.

"HAVE PATIENCE."—The engraving of "Our Bishops" will be forwarded to all who are entitled to it, in a few days. A part of the time it has been impossible to get them fast enough to supply the demand. Our arrangements are now such that we expect to be able in the future to forward them as fast as ordered.

The rooms lately occupied by the Boston Young Men's Christian Association, Tremont Temple, are now occupied by Geo. W. Carnes & Co., Boy's Clothing. See their advertisement.

The venerable and learned Judge Nelson has retired from the bench of the Supreme Court with a life-pension of \$6,000 per annum, he being upward of seventy years of age, and having served upward of ten years. Judge Clifford will be able to retire next year, as he will be seventy years of age on the 15th of August, and he will then have been on the bench nearly fifteen years.

As Judge Nelson was appointed from New York, it seemed proper that his successor should be appointed from the same district. The President has, therefore, appointed Ward Hunt, of New York, to the bench of the U. S. Supreme Court just vacated by Associate Justice Nelson. The nomination is well received. The last official act of Judge Nelson was to affix his signature to the famous Treaty of Washington.

We heartily commend the course of Superintendent Angell, as recorded by one of our Maine papers, to the imitation of all railroad managers. He has sent to all the employees of the European and North American Railway a form of pledge for them to sign, whereby they agree to abstain from using intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and the use of profane or ungentlemanly language. Accompanying the blank pledge is a circular, informing the employees that this step is taken in consequence of frequent complaints at the office, and requesting those declining to sign to give notice of their intentions, that their places may be filled by others.

It is a wonderful sight in these office-seeking days to observe the highest municipal positions in a great city fairly going a begging for occupants. The men with whom, in the present anxious hour, the citizens of Boston would feel the greatest safety in entrusting the public interests, one after another, when named with extraordinary unanimity, decline the office. In some instances, as in the case of Alpheus Hardy, esq., almost a dramatic sensation has been occasioned, by the earnestness of the persuasion to accept an honorable office, and the sincerity of the reluctant declination. If the best men cannot be induced to take office, the hope of an efficient, pure, economical government will become faint. Private interests and personal tastes ought to be sacrificed when such great public interests are at stake. It is as noble to bear office when it is really a great burden, as to build hospitals, found colleges, aid churches, or distribute charities among the poor. We trust party lines will be trampled under foot in the determination to secure the best men that can be selected for the principal offices in the city government.

The volume embodying the journals and reports of the late General Conference is quite a formidable affair, like a governmental document, only it is much better executed, and far easier reading. It makes a book of from seven to eight hundred pages, and includes the many reports that were offered, especially the book-room reports, which will have a permanent interest. The whole volume will be invaluable hereafter for reference. Every denominational library of the Church should have a copy. Those that expect to be sent to General Conference next session, if they live, will, of course, wish this work, and that number, we suppose, includes all the ministers and laymen of the Church.

The Almanac published by the Agents at the Book-Boom, and for sale at the Depository of Mr. Magee, is out, in its usual beauty and variety. In addition to the accustomed calendar, it has many pages of invaluable denominational statistics. Its miscellany is very full, and very handsomely illustrated. The year will not be fairly begun in any family without a copy of it.

It will be seen by reference to our advertising pages, that Messrs. Bent & Bush, the celebrated fur dealers of Boston, have some goods which the ladies will want the coming winter.

Don't forget the Fair in the chapel of the Windsor Street Mission, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of this week. It is the oldest of our city missions, and needs all your help.

TO THE PREACHERS.—If any one has not received his list of HERALD subscribers, please inform us, and it will be forwarded at once. It is impossible for us to know all your preaching appointments unless they appear in the Minutes.

INVESTMENTS.—Persons wishing to make safe and paying investments, small or large, will do well to call on Henry Baylies, esq., at 15 Court Square, room 20. We are informed that the opportunity will be open only a short time.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.—We hope each one will renew his subscription promptly, and secure the beautiful engraving which we are offering; also, use his influence with some one who does not take a religious paper, to do so. Don't wait to be called on by your pastor, but hand him your subscription, or send by mail to the Agent, if more convenient, at our risk.

A large quantity of matter sent in and prepared for the Methodist Church department, must necessarily stand over till next week. An able article on Springfield Methodism will also appear in our next.

PERSONAL.

Rev. E. Davies returned last week from among the snowdrifts of Sunapee, N. H., where he has been aiding the pastor, Rev. J. H. Hillman, for nearly two weeks, in a glorious revival. He goes this week to Southwick, Mass.

Rev. Henry Morgan, pastor of Morgan Chapel, Boston, expects to raise \$10,000, the balance of the debt on his church, in less than two years, by his popular lectures, which he will deliver for any Methodist Society for half the receipts.

The Rev. J. D. Knox, of Topeka, Kansas, who has been visiting his former associates in the Pittsburgh Conference, now in the New England, returned last week to his home. He preached with much acceptance for Rev. J. W. Hamilton the first Sabbath during his stay, and the last, in the Saratoga Street Church, East Boston.

The third lecture of the Washington Street Methodist Episcopal Church course, given in Morgan Chapel, was by Rev. W. F. Mallalieu, on "Self-Culture;" and the fourth lecture, on Wednesday, 4th inst., was by Rev. A. McKeown, of Cambridge, on "Orators and Oratory." We have had occasion before to speak of these admirable lectures, and our limited space forbids us inserting at this time the reports which have been furnished.

Rev. S. McKean, who has edited with marked ability *The Watchword and Patriot*, a leading religious and temperance paper, published in Albany, N. Y., has retired from its management. As pastor of the Ashgrove Methodist Episcopal Church, he finds his time too much occupied, and his physical and mental powers too much taxed, to permit him to give the requisite attention to the columns of a weekly paper. No editorial name is announced as a successor, but the department is to be conducted impersonally.

Rev. W. H. Boole, a year or two since opened without any resources save those that a good Providence from time to time provided a "Home for women," in a building in Water St., New York, that had been, heretofore, notoriously known as "Kit Burn's Rat Pit." It was in the midst of drinking-saloons and disreputable boarding-houses. Daily services have been since that time held in the chapel of the "Home," with blessed results. A fair for the benefit of this Mission will be held on the 18th in the Armory of the 71st Regiment, at the junction of 6th Avenue, and Broadway, and 35th Street. Any contribution sent to Mrs. Parker, 106, East 38th Street, New York, will be thankfully received.

The next to the last lecture of the Broadway course, South Boston, was a poem, "In a Canoe," by Rev. Mark Trafton. It is a delightful sketch in verse of a summer vacation spent amid the primeval forests, and blue rivers, and craggy mountains of Maine. He paints nature like a genuine artist, so that one can hear the music of the brooks and the song of the pines while listening to his smoothly-flowing lines. The interest of the poem is greatly increased by the introduction of weird-like tales of wilderness life, rehearsed around the camp-fires by the guides who accompany the party. To these, especially, the audience listened with breathless attention; and all agreed when it was through, that a most pleasurable hour had been spent with the poet.

The Wesleyans in London have met with a great loss in the death of John Chubb, esq., in his fifty-eighth year. Mr. Chubb is best known on this side of the Atlantic as the inventor of the noted bank-lock bearing his name. The *Recorder* says of him:—

"Few gentlemen were better known or more highly respected in Methodism than Mr. Chubb. He was a firm believer in its doctrines, a warm admirer of its government, and a generous supporter of its institutions. For many years he was a member of the General Committee of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and his thoughtful counsels were always valued by his fellow-members. He was a man of large and liberal views, and delighted much in the fellowship of the ministers and members of other evangelical churches. As a citizen Mr. Chubb was highly and deservedly esteemed. Everybody could trust him as a man of thorough honor. Even in matters in which he appeared to take extreme views, no one questioned his conscientiousness."

(Continued from page 596.)

nal insolvency, with no prospect of a general bankrupt act to wipe out the old score, and set you on your feet again. Such are some of the questions which your smouldering warehouses ask of those who will pause to listen. By contrast they suggest a merchandise better than the merchandise of silver. They suggest a gain which can never be blotted out by loss; an insurance which will pay 100 per cent. after the elements shall melt with fervent heat; and a city absolutely fire-proof—a city which hath foundations, where Jesus is preparing a place for all those merchants who have sold all, to buy the pearl of great price—the goodly pearl of dove divine.

"The fire our graces shall refine,
Till, moulded from above,
We bear the character divine,—
The stamp of perfect love."

DEDICATION AT COLLINSVILLE, CONN.—The Methodist Church in this place, Rev. F. A. Crafts, pastor, was dedicated November 20, Rev. C. M. Griffin, of New Haven, preaching the sermon, and the Presiding Elder, Rev. B. Pillsbury, conducting the dedicatory services. The cost of the church and furnishing is about \$15,000. *The Hartford Courant* says in its notice of the dedication:—

"Much credit is due to the wife of the Rev. F. A. Crafts, the pastor, for her untiring and persevering efforts in raising money, and procuring all of the necessary fixtures, either by donation or purchase. Nearly every family was visited by her, and our Irish, German, and French citizens contributed with commendable liberality."

The Church, during the present pastorate, has been saved from bankruptcy, and put in the best financial condition it has ever had.

The Methodist Church.

MASSACHUSETTS.

FITCHBURG.—The churches in Fitchburg are enjoying a good degree of prosperity. Rev. D. D. Hudson, pastor of the First Church, on Sunday, December 1, baptized ten converts, and read in nineteen probationers the fruits of a good work begun last summer, greatly increased during the month past, and still going on. Nine probationers will be ready for admission to full membership on the first Sunday in the New Year.

PROVIDENCE ITEMS.

Our District Sunday-school Institute at Trinity Church was very interesting, instructive, and profitable. Brother Ostrander won golden opinions. A very happy address of welcome was made at the opening session by Rev. G. L. Westgate. During the Institute, essays and addresses were delivered by Rev. Dr. Peirce, and Revs. H. D. Robinson, E. F. Clarke, J. W. Willett, D. H. Ela, Charles Nason, and J. E. C. Sawyer. To Rev. S. L. Gracey, of Pawtucket, and Brother Dexter N. Knight, the tireless and devoted superintendent of the Trinity Sunday-school, much credit is due for their zeal in perfecting the arrangements.

At Asbury Chapel there has been a continuous religious interest for a long time past, and that interest is apparently deeper and more wide-spread now than at any previous time. Brother Sheffield is greatly beloved by his people.

Our churches united for their Thanksgiving service in a union love-feast at Broadway. The house was well-filled, and the joys of the occasion were delightful. Rev. M. J. Talbot, D. D., was master of the feast.

At Music Hall, in the evening, the poor boys and girls of the city, to the number of over 500, enjoyed their annual Thanksgiving supper, at the expense of the Young Men's Christian Association and its friends. The turkeys were carved by some of the most distinguished men of the city, and over a hundred of the fairest young ladies of our churches officiated as waiters. Following the supper were short addresses by the President of the Association, Governor Padelford, Rev. C. L. Richards, and Francis Murphy, the Maine Temperance orator. S.

MAINE ITEMS.

The Young Men's Christian Association in Portland is doing a noble work. Monday evening, December 2, they propose to open at their rooms, corner of Congress and Casco Streets, a school for boys and young men who have no other means of instruction. The members of the Association will do all they can to aid young men out of employment.

The young ladies of Plymouth Church, Portland, have, by their own exertions, raised \$425 to recarpet and furnish the vestry of their church. The parish is reported in a very prosperous state. We understand that the rumor that the pastor of State Street Congregationalist Church has accepted a call out of the State, is a mistake. He does not intend to leave his present charge. The "New Haven" Committee, though highly pleased with the services on Sunday, did not succeed in "capturing" the preacher.

William G. Means, esq., of Andover, Mass., has given a scholarship to Bowdoin College, yielding \$100 per year, to aid some poor young man in obtaining an education in this college, in memory of his brother, the Rev. James Means, of the class of 1833, who died at Newbern, N. C., in the service of the United States. A noble and praiseworthy example.

We are pained to learn that Rev. H. P. Torsey, president of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and Female College at Kent's Hill, who for sometime past has been slowly recovering from a severe and protracted illness, which has rendered him unable to attend to his duties in the Seminary, met with a somewhat serious accident on Wednesday last. While attempting to

descend from the hayloft in his stable by means of a ladder, he slipped and fell, fracturing two of his ribs, besides other injuries. Though suffering much, we are informed that he is doing well. He certainly deserves, as he certainly will have, the prayers and sympathies of the whole Church.

The recent action of the Committee of Missions at their session in New York, is highly approved, at least by many in the Maine Conference. This noble step in advance, argues an increase of faith in the Great Head of the Church, and we have no doubt that the appropriations made for the support of missions under the superintendence of our Church, will be promptly met. Should it be otherwise, we can but believe that the Committee have nobly discharged their duty, and will be entirely clear in the matter. The sum apportioned to the Maine Conference to be raised is \$6,000, or about that. Let the work of securing that sum, "or more," be undertaken vigorously by the pastors and the people, and the thing is done.

RICHMOND.—The Methodist church at Richmond was reopened Sunday afternoon, 1st inst., all the societies in that place taking part in the services. The church had been closed for several weeks, undergoing quite extensive repairs and changes, modernizing the whole structure internally, making a very attractive and pleasant room. The walls and ceiling have been painted delicate shades, ground and stained glass placed in the windows, the old-fashioned box giving place to a neat and shapely pulpit, the pews remodeled, uniform cushions placed in all, new carpets throughout, and a new chandelier. All this was done by the society, and last week two of the members of the Church, Carlton Houdlette and Harmon Smith, both successful merchants in Richmond, placed in the house a beautiful church organ, costing them upwards of one thousand dollars. The generosity of these gentlemen provides a valuable completion to the appointments of the church.

EAST MAINE.

In one part of Boothbay charge there have been thirty conversions. Rev. P. E. Brown is pastor. At South Dresden, during a protracted meeting, the Church has been very much revived, and ten souls won to Christ, all of them heads of families. Rev. D. M. True is laboring there in the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel.

One good thing follows another. At Searsport, last year, under the labors of Rev. E. M. Fowler, there was a good revival, and the church property (church and parsonage) was very much improved externally. This year, Brother D. P. Thompson and his faithful assistants have taken good care of the converts. The pastor reported at the Quarterly Meeting that he knew no case of backsliding! They have purchased and paid for a new organ. December 1, fourteen joined the Church. They are favored in having a larger per cent. of young people in their society. For a brother who is not suffering for an appointment in a large village or city, there are few better appointments.

While the pale angel has been hovering over the pastor's wife at Camden, the angel of mercy came and led his little daughter to Christ. There are compensations in this mysterious life.

Brothers Marsh and Collins, at Damariscotta and Waldoboro', in the good old style of the fathers, are lecturing in the school-houses around. This is noteworthy, as these brethren keep no teams, and one has just come among us, and the other just left three years of city work. Damariscotta has gone up \$250 in minister's claim, and is paying it promptly.

There are a few charges which figure very low on minister's salary, and then don't pay that. These are not among the poorest by any means. "To be supplied," may be a good means of grace hereafter for them. Generally we might get rid of these deficiencies all round. Many members and other friends do nobly, some fairly, and a small number meanly enough. They have in stores a glove-stretcher. Will not some Yankee genius invent a heart-stretcher, and give it the power of a stump-machine? He would live in history as a human benefactor.

NEW HAMPSHIRE GLEANINGS.

Rev. J. B. Robinson, president of the Conference Seminary at Tilton, delivered a very fine lecture recently on Education, before the Teacher's Institute at Newport. Rev. A. C. Handy gave an oration in the Congregational Church in Newport, some two weeks ago, for the Free Masons, at the dedication of their new hall.

The ministers of the Congregationalist, Baptist, and Universalist churches appear to be in an unsettled condition in New Hampshire; every weekly paper for several weeks past has brought tidings of some minister that has been dismissed, or called, or settled, in some one if not all of these denominations. And it is a singular coincidence that Massachusetts gets the largest proportion of the men who emigrate from us in sister churches, just as she does of our own ministers who are transferred from us. We notice, also, that the Massachusetts pulpit is pretty well supplied by contributions of men from other States than New Hampshire. Perhaps no other State in the Union, unless it is New York, has such an influx of ministers. It is a great advantage to say the least, and it would be a grateful work, to arrange for a counter current.

The Methodist Episcopal Society in Surry has done a noble work in rearranging their church. The church property belongs to the Congregationalists, but the Methodist Society occupy it. Mrs. Bragg, a Congregationalist, and Mrs. Stevens, who is a Methodist, have solicited subscriptions in their own and adjoining towns, and succeeded finely. They have made a new pulpit, painted the wood-work inside, beautified the walls, laid new carpets, and put the outside in a handsome dress. The edifice is attractive, and a credit to all the parties. The pastor, Rev. O. T. Lovejoy, has been very sick with a fever for several weeks. The crisis is passed, and hopes are entertained that he will fully recover.

The great work of grace at East Rochester, Rev. A. A. Cleveland, pastor, is still progressing. On Thanksgiving-day a love-feast was held in the morning, and some sixty persons who

have been saved from sin within a few weeks, testified, with thanksgiving and praise, that the Lord is good, and mighty to save. In the afternoon of the same day, fourteen persons received baptism by immersion. It was a great thanksgiving-day to that society. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper, on the following Sabbath, was an unusually interesting service. More than fifty young converts appeared at the altar for the first time, to honor Christ for his death and salvation. There were five penitents forward seeking the Saviour in the evening service. Over eighty have accepted the invitation to come to Christ, and been forward for prayers since these meetings commenced.

THE NEWS.

CONGRESSIONAL.—The third session of the Forty-second Congress began December 2. In the Senate, Mr. Machin of Kentucky took Garrett Davis's seat. Several bills were introduced, one by Mr. Wilson to allow a drawback on duties on materials imported at this port to be used for rebuilding in the burned district; and another by Mr. Sumner, to strike from United States regimental flags the names of battles of the rebellion. In the House of Representatives, General Banks tendered his resignation as chairman of the Committee on foreign affairs, but the House refused to accept it. Speaker Blaine took the floor, and offered a resolution for a special committee to investigate the Credit Mobilier charges. After some discussion the resolution was adopted almost unanimously. Messrs. Twitchell and Butler of Massachusetts offered bills for the relief of Boston substantially the same as that introduced in the Senate by Mr. Wilson. Resolutions on the death of Horace Greeley were adopted.

In the House of Representatives on the 5th, the Boston relief bill was passed unanimously without material amendment. The bill to provide new sloops-of-war was passed, with several amendments, one reducing the number of vessels from ten to six, and another requiring that one half of them shall be built in private yards.

In the United States Senate, on the 6th, a resolution was adopted instructing the committee on finance to report legislation to relieve the stringency of the money market, and to consider the expediency of an additional issue of legal-tender notes. A resolution was introduced and referred, creating a commission to adjust and apportion the Geneva award. In the House of Representatives the bill to abolish the offices of assessors and assistant assessors of internal revenue was discussed and passed.

NEWS ITEMS OF THE WEEK.

Justice Nelson, of the United States Supreme Court, has resigned.

Mr. Isaac Bradford was elected mayor of Cambridge, Mass., on the 2d.

Nearly all the newly-elected peers took seats in the upper house of the Prussian Diet on the 5th.

A conflagration in Auckland, New Zealand, last week, destroyed buildings and other property to the value of \$250,000.

The famous Stanton ruby, which was represented to be worth \$250,000, was tested at San Francisco last week, and proved to be a soft garnet worth about \$100.

The waters of the River Arno, as well as the Po, have overflowed the banks. Many bridges were swept away, and communities are inundated, causing great destruction of property.

The session of the Federal Assembly of Switzerland opened on the 2d, at Berne. Mr. Roguin, of Lausanne, was elected President, and M. Kopp, of Lucerne, vice-President of the Republic.

A terrible accident occurred on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, about fifty miles west of Harrisburg, on the evening of the 4th. The second section of the Cincinnati express train, bound east, ran into the rear of the first section, and telescoped two Pullman cars. Five bodies have been removed from the debris.

The vote in the French Assembly, December 5, on the formation of Dufaure's committee, excited the liveliest apprehension in Paris, where fighting is expected. Great excitement prevails at Chiselhurst. Marshall McMahon controls the army, but will act only in obedience to the Assembly, and not to President Thiers. German occupation is certain if fighting occurs. Correspondence has recently passed between Bismarck and Napoleon. German reoccupation will result in the re-establishment of the empire.

PLAN OF EPISCOPAL VISITATION.

JANUARY 8 TO MAY 12, 1873.

CONFERENCE.	PLACE.	TIME.	BISHOP.
Arkansas.	Little Rock.	Jan. 29.	Bowman
Baltimore.	Hagerstown, Md.	March 5.	Foster.
Central Pennsylvania.	Chambersburg.	" 5.	Merrill.
East German.	Schenectady, N. Y.	" 19.	Peck.
East Maine.	Damariscotta.	May 13.	Wiley.
Florida.	Jacksonville.	Jan. 29.	Ames.
India.	Bombay.	Jan. 16.	"
Kansas.	Ottawa.	April 2.	Bowman.
Kentucky.	Lexington.	Feb. 19.	Wiley.
Lexington.	Bowling Green.	" 12.	Haven.
Louisiana.	New Orleans.	Jan. 8.	Haven.
Maine.	Stowegon.	April 16.	Haven.
Mississippi.	Vicksburg.	Jan. 16.	Merrill.
Missouri.	Kirksville.	March 19.	Bowman.
Nebraska.	Plattsmouth.	April 15.	Andrews.
Newark.	Port Jervis, N. Y.	March 19.	Foster.
New England.	Newport.	April 2.	Wiley.
New Hampshire.	Bridgeport.	" 16.	Stimpson.
New Jersey.	Hudson.	March 19.	Scott.
New York.	Second Ave., Harlem.	April 2.	Stimpson.
New York East.	Charlotte.	" 5.	Merrill.
North Carolina.	Charlotte.	Jan. 5.	Ames.
Northern New York.	Carthage.	April 29.	Peck.
North Indiana.	Logansport.	" 12.	Merrill.
Philadelphia.	Columbia, Pa.	March 5.	Harris.
Pittsburgh.	Salem, O.	" 19.	Harris.
Providence.	Warren, R. I.	" 19.	Andrews.
South Carolina.	Greenville.	Jan. 15.	Jones.
St. Louis.	St. Louis.	March 8.	Bowman.
Texas.	Galveston.	Jan. 8.	Wiley.
Troy.	Gloucester.	March 26.	Peck.
Vermont.	Richford.	April 2.	Peck.
Virginia.	Norfolk.	Feb. 19.	Harris.
Washington.	Washington.	" 26.	Jones.
West Virginia.	Guyandotte.	March 5.	Andrews.
Wilmington.	Elkton, Md.	" 4.	Scott.
Wyoming.	Scranton, Pa.	April 2.	Harris.

The Christian World.

MISSION FIELD.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." — NUM. xiv. 21.

MEETING OF THE GENERAL MISSIONARY COMMITTEE. — We have already given our readers a pretty full account of the doings of the late meeting of the Missionary Committee at New York. There are a few items in their action to which we would call special attention. 1. The new Missions established, namely, Bombay, Canton Province, interior of Africa, Mexico, and Japan. These places were thoroughly examined by the Committee, their special opportunities and demands for missionary labor considered, and it was quite unanimous that missions should be established in them as soon as practicable. We have not space to give all the facts which influenced the Committee in this action; but suffice it to say, they saw in each of them a most encouraging and inviting field of missionary labor. At Bombay, a most wonderful work of grace is in progress under the labors of Rev. Wm. Taylor, and he properly calls upon the Church for additional force in prosecuting the work; and under the circumstances, it would be derelict in duty not to do it. It is understood that the salaries of the missionaries sent, are to be paid by the friends of the mission at Bombay. Nearly all the Chinese that come to this country, come from Canton Province, and it seems very proper and fitting that a mission should be established in that Province. The interior of Africa is now opening to the Church a most hopeful field of missionary work, and the Committee did wisely in arranging for establishing a mission there. Mexico is at our door, and is strangely thrown open to Protestant Christianity; and while the Baptists, Congregationalists, and Presbyterians are entering it for missionary labor, shall the Methodist Episcopal Church refuse to take any part in the work? Japan opens her door for Christian missionary labor, and never was there a more promising field for such labor before the Church. We believe the verdict of the Church will be that the Committee did wisely in establishing these missions.

2. The sustaining and re-enforcing the mission recently established in Italy, was a noble act of the Committee, in which they will be sustained by the Church. We believe that Methodism will achieve a glorious work in that country.

3. The sum appropriated by the Committee to the foreign and domestic work is \$885,025. Could they have appropriated less? They tried hard to do so, but they found they could not do it without manifestly hindering the work of God. They yielded to what they believed to be the order of Providence, and the Church will sustain their action. Instead of talking about a great debt hanging over the Church at the close of the year, it would be far better to exercise more faith in God and his Church, and urge the Church to raise a million of dollars for the missionary cause, instead of the sum appropriated. Let every member of the Church do his duty, and the million will be realized, and more, two millions will swell the Missionary Treasury.

INDIA. — The Lucknow *Witness* brings refreshing news from India. It says, sixteen years have passed since the commencement of the Methodist Mission in Oude and Rohilkund; and though the work has met with fair success, we to-day announce the dedication of the first church building of any pretensions erected by this mission. It is "sixty by thirty-four feet inside, Norman style, with truncated minarets on the corners, and a triple-storied tower in front, and cost a little over sixteen thousand rupees. There is quite a large native Christian community at Bareilly; and in addition to these, nearly 200 persons connected with the orphanage, so that a large place of worship was absolutely necessary. There is also a respectable English congregation for whom the building was needed." A large part of the expense of the building was met by local contributions.

JAPAN. — The latest news from this country is full of interest. Telegraphic communication had been completed between Yokohama and Nagasaki. A submarine cable was to have been laid last month from the latter port, under the Straits of Simonosaki, connecting with the Asiatic lines on through Europe, and by the Atlantic cable to the United States, ending its circuit at San Francisco. A railroad had been completed between Yokohama and Yeddo, the capital, which was to have been opened on the eleventh of last month with imposing ceremonies, in the presence of the Mikado. The connection of these great movements in that country with Christian missions there will be seen at once. Our Church is not moving too soon in sending the Gospel to that people.

DEATH OF A VETERAN MISSIONARY. — Dr. Jon. Wade, of the American Baptist Missionary Union, died at Rangoon, June 10, 1872, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He embarked at Boston for his distant field of labor, June 22, 1823, and, including two short visits to this country, remained in Burmah to the time of his death, a period of forty-nine years. He was in labors abundant, constantly engaged in preaching, teaching, translating, or preparing books in the native language of the people. He laid the foundation of the work at Kyook in Arracan; toiled in different departments of the mission in Rangoon, Moulmain, Mauhee, Matab, Favoy, and other places; reduced the Haren dialects of Sgau and Proo to writing and grammatical form, and accomplished other literary labors of great value. His most important work is the *Karen Testament*, in five vols., completed in 1850. He closed life while revising and perfecting this great work. Grace triumphed in his last hours; the dying scene was full of joy. In his will he left \$4,000 to the Baptist Missionary Union, and 2,000 rupees, the interest of which is to be devoted to the support of two students in the Karen Theological Seminary.

TURKEY. — Women are doing a great missionary work in Turkey. In many localities they are very successful. Rev. Edward Riggs, of Sivas, made a somewhat extensive tour recently, accompanied with his wife. On the Sabbath, he announced that Madama would preach to the women at certain times, in the gardens. Large crowds of women came to listen to the Gospel for the first time from the lips of woman.

ANOTHER MISSIONARY AT REST. — Mrs. Coan, wife of Rev. Titus Coan, missionary at the Sandwich Islands, died in great peace. She had long been a most earnest, faithful laborer in the Master's vineyard. She had seen wonderful things wrought among the heathen; a nation converted. Among her dying sayings were, "Now all my burdens are dropped, and I am sitting at the feet of Jesus. I am ready to go, and the thought is delightful. I have no fears. I used to think I should fear to die, but Jesus has taken it all away. It seems easy and pleasant to go."

ONWARD MOVEMENT. — The Church is moving on the heathen world as never before. She is beginning to carry out the great command of the Master, "Go and disciple all nations." All along the lines the tramp of Immanuel's army is heard. Fall into the ranks, do your duty, and soon you will shout the world's conquest to Christ.

Obituaries.

IN MEMORIAM. — Methodism has always made great account of the confidence and testimonies of her members in the dying hour. And why not? If religion is good for anything, its worth and preciousness should make themselves felt in the great crises of life. Wesley spoke the strongest demonstration of the divinity of his mission in that sentence which has become the historic epitaph of a vast Church membership — "Our people die well." This bright fact has made our denominational memorials glow with strange glory. It has made our death-beds epithalamic, rather than funeral. Our Church historian has magnified both the grace of God, and the genius of Methodism, in making such special mention of the dying testimonies of our early ministers, class-leaders, and members. All true history is biographical. The real history of Methodism is lodged in, and comes out through the grace-linked biographies of her members. We ought to cherish this kind of sacred literature as our fathers did; not to increase a morbid or superficial sentimentality over death-beds, but to magnify the grace of God, and make honorable mention of those who glorify Christ the Lord by dying well.

Mrs. PAMELIA C. FABYAN, wife of Dr. Chas. W. Fabyan, of Providence, R. I., was born March 22, 1808, in Newmarket, N. H.; joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1832; was married June 3, 1838; and fell asleep in Jesus, Oct. 18, 1872.

Sister Fabyan was a confirmed invalid for a number of years; but to the very last her mind and heart kept all their youth and vigor, and fresh-growing beauty and power. Through books, papers, conversation, and especially through the daily reading and study of the Bible, she kept herself abreast with the times; was cheerful and interesting in company, and never became gloomy or isolated, or shriveled, or misanthropic. For years she was deprived the privileges and ordinances of the Lord's house, but she carried an eternal load-star in her own bosom, and this transfigured her chamber into "the house of God and the gate of heaven."

She gave no single dying testimony, for she was suddenly stricken down at last; but her life for ten years has been packed solid with words, deeds, and devotions, which speak all that God wanted to speak through her to the world. She filled her own happy home with sunshine, lived to see her children grown up and converted, and then, having wrought a full work, she went out through the shadows of death to search after those who had gone on before, and to find and look upon the great presence of Him, whom not having seen, she had

loved so long, so truly, and so well. Her life, though shadowed by sickness, and spent in partial seclusion, is funded in memory for her family, her Church, and a large circle of acquaintance and friends. "Being dead, she yet speaketh." She was a member of the Chestnut Street Church, which has been greatly afflicted of late in the loss of many valuable members.

She leaves a husband and two daughters behind — all Christians — to cherish her name and pure memory, and feel, with each closing day, that they are so much nearer the sure reunion in heaven with the true wife and devoted mother, who lives for them as truly now as she did when with smile and pleasant words and loving ministry, she was the sun and soul of their family circle.

IRA G. BIDEWELL.

CLARA L., wife of Wm. H. Durgin, died of consumption, at the residence of her father, F. G. Downs, in South Berwick, Me., Feb. 7, aged 26 years.

Sister Clara gave her heart to God in early life, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she remained an acceptable member until she was summoned away from earth to join the Church triumphant. Death had no terrors for her. She bore all of her sufferings with Christian patience and resignation, and was never heard to murmur. The last few days of her stay here she seemed anxious to pass away. Being asked by one if she was all ready, she replied, "Yes; I have been ready this long time." The day before her death she looked earnestly up at her sister, and whispered, "Almost home." While as yet her husband was unweaned, she erected the family altar, which, with the earnest request to "meet me in heaven," was the motive which led her dear companion to seek the Lord, and prepare to meet her in that rest that remaineth for the people of God; in which happy place may all that dear family meet at last.

ELLA R., daughter of F. G. and R. T. Downs, died of consumption, in South Berwick, Me., Oct. 19, aged 23 years.

Ella gave her heart to God in April last, but being in feeble health, she was unable to meet in the prayer or class-meeting; but she loved the society of Christians, and her Bible was her constant companion through the long months of her lingering illness. She manifested great patience — seemed more anxious for others than her own comfort. She looked forward with the expectation of meeting her sister in the better land, who had preceded her only eight months. The home is made sad and lonely, but we trust our loss is her gain. A few days before she left us she wished to be baptized, and also partake of the Lord's Supper; and as a few friends, with her family and pastor, met to attend to this solemn service, we felt the presence of the Saviour in our midst. This dear family is fast passing away; yet the Lord is with them, and the salvation of one more dear one will give them all a good hope of a blessed reunion in the skies.

H. B. MITCHELL.

SOPHIA, wife of Brother Joseph Mielt, of Woonsocket, R. I., departed this life Nov. 22, aged 62 years and 18 days.

Sister Mielt was a French Canadian by birth, and was baptized in the Romish Church. Thirty-two years ago she and her husband were happily converted, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she has since been an honored and useful member. In all her relations, domestic, social, and public, she sought to exemplify the religion of her Saviour.

C. NASON.

Died, in Newburyport, Nov. 6, 1872, of pleuro-pneumonia, CUTTING PETTINGELL, aged 59 years.

Brother Pettingell was converted to God at the age of 21. From that time till his death he seems to have devoted himself to the service of Christ without distrust or reservation. Those who were most intimately acquainted with our brother seem most thoroughly persuaded of his sincerity; and the irreligious have frequently been known to say, "If there is a Christian living, Mr. Pettingell must be one." He was strictly conscientious, even in the smallest matters. He loved the place of prayer, and esteemed religious conversation and worship above everything else on earth.

Of late Brother Pettingell has seemed to be fast maturing for heaven. At the last social meeting he attended, he spoke with much earnestness and power about the resurrection of the just, and the blessedness of the future life. Little did we suppose he was going so soon to enjoy that bliss his faith brought so clearly to view.

The day following his burial the Trustees and Stewards of the Purchase Street Methodist Episcopal Church met, and adopted the following resolutions: —

Resolved, 1. That in the death of Brother Pettingell we have lost one of our most valued, active, and honored members.

2. That in the spirit of Christian faith we bear this afflictive providence, and earnestly strive to emulate the virtues of our brother.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the widow and children of the deceased, and also to ZION'S HERALD for publication.

B. J. JOHNSTON.

Died, in Concord, N. H., Nov. 8, 1872, Mrs. ESTHER TOWLE, wife of E. S. Towle, esq., aged 66 years.

Sister Towle was one of the oldest and worthiest members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this city, having united with it in its infancy, and lived an exemplary Christian. She was, in a remarkable degree, amiable, kind, and cheerful. Though for years deprived of sanctuary privileges through feeble health, yet the sweet graces of the Spirit never failed her, and she was greatly attached to the Church of her choice. Resting on the promises, she patiently endured, until the Master said, "It is enough, come up higher;" and then her spirit took its flight to the mansions of the blessed.

A. E. D.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

DECEMBER ON THE FARM.

The thoughtful farmer will remember that the food which he has preserved for his stock, through much labor and care, is fuel as well as food. If he wishes to economize that fuel, he can make one half of it go about as far as the whole would, by placing each animal out of the reach of storms, and in comfortable and easy positions in the barn. It is the hay, the roots, and the grain that keep up the animal heat, as the wood does in the stove.

December's cold and wind will penetrate every cranny in the barn; and, what is worse, find its way through every crack in the floor. Stop out the cold, and you can feed more stock upon the same amount of food. So in a warm house, with convenient arrangements for the work, there will be gentle words and pleasant faces, where the graces will find their way.

Because the clouds frown, the winds blow, and the roads are bad, do not give up accustomed exercise, out of doors, agreeable and attractive as the house may be. Frequent exercise in the open air is essential to health. No matter what the weather is, be it rainy, blowing, snowing, or cold, dress according to the circumstances, and go, — go with a will, filled with cheerful thoughts, and though the jaunt be a brief one, it will kindle a new flame and produce pure blood. This for a person in ordinary health. If it be an invalid, needing the fresh air, let it be in a carriage, or on foot, in mild weather.

Children usually get plenty of exercise in going to and from school; and those who travel farthest are more likely to be robust and hardy than those who go only short distances. A persistent habit of going forth in all weather — properly clad — will arm us against the influences of the atmospheric changes which are so constantly taking place.

It is well to remember that the sum of what any individual knows, is exceedingly limited. But what is known by all of the present age, added to the recorded acquisitions of the past, is much. Now is the time to read and reflect, and grasp as much of it as possible ourselves. — N. E. Farmer.

APPLE SAUCE VS. APPLE BUTTER. — Apple sauce is a New England invention, or at least becomes a prominent feature among the winter stores of a New England kitchen. The practice extended into New York, and traveled West with the extension of the orchards; but, in an evil hour, some one more nice than wise, stood over the kettle of apple-sauce, and stirred it until all its particles had been reduced to a mush, and the cider boiled to a black liquid, and fully incorporated into the yielding, plastic pulp. This added labor, changed the material by giving it an excess of cider, and thus rendering it of less value for food, as it is too rich to be eaten in any quantity; hence the inventor named it apple-butter. It may be a good thing for the city folks to use in a small way, but as compared to good, old-fashioned apple-sauce, is just nowhere.

Two gallons boiled into one, and the apples thoroughly cooked in this liquid, is the whole process of boiling. The apples are pared and quartered, and care is had to cook them just enough so as not to make a mush of them, but have the pieces remain as large as possible. Sweet apples are preferred, and the old Pound Sweet, or as other books have it, Lyman's Pumpkin Sweet, is the favorite. It is a large ocellow apple, much given to being water-cored.

A barrel of apple-sauce in the corner was once among the substantial needs of the good old times, when people ate to live, and grew robust on plain, solid food. We must bring back to the table some of its oldtime luxuries, and one of these is the apple-sauce that has been set aside by the more pretentious apple-butter. — *Cor. of Chicago Tribune.*

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.
WHOLESALE PRICES.

December 7, 1872.

GOLD.—\$1.17 1/2 @ 1.18 1/2.
FLOUR.—Superfine, 5.00 @ 5.50; extra, 4.75 @ 5.15; Michigan, 4.50 @ 5.00; St. Louis, 4.00 @ 4.50; Southern Flour, 4.00 @ 4.50.
CORN.—Western Yellow, 71 @ 72 cents; Western Mixed, 68 @ 69 cents; do. bushel.
OATS.—45 @ 50 cents; do. bushel.
RYE.—95 @ 1.00, per bushel.

SHORTS.—25.50 @ 27.00 per ton.
BUTTER.—25 @ 35c.
CHEESE.—Factory, 14 @ 15; Dairy, 8 @ 10c.
EGGS.—34 @ 35 cents per doz.
FINE FEED.—\$26.00 @ 27.00 per ton.
SEED.—Timothy, Herd's Grass, 35.50 @ 44.00; Red Top, 24.25 @ 46.25 per sack; R. L. Bent, 35.00 @ 3.50 per bushel; Clover, 11 @ 12c. per lb.
HAY.—Eastern pressed, 23.00 @ 25.00 per ton.
POTATOES.—22.50 @ 3.00 per bbl.
SWEET POTATOES.—0.00 @ 1.50 per barrel.
PORK.—18.00 @ 19.00; Lard, 9 @ 10c.; Hams 12c.
BEETS.—\$1.00 bushel.
ONIONS.—37.75 @ 4.00 bbl.
CARROTS.—75 @ 80c. bushel.
TURNIPS.—75c. @ 80c. bushel.
CABBAGE.—\$10.00 @ 15.00 per hundred.
MARROW SQUASH.—\$3.00 @ 4.00 per cwt.
HUBBARD SQUASH.—\$3.00 per cwt.
BRANS.—Extra Pea, 44.00 @ 44.25; medium, 33.00 @ 33.25 bush; common, 30.00 @ 30.00.
LEMONS.—\$4.50 @ 4.00 per box.
ORANGES.—\$0.00 @ 3.00 per box.
APPLES.—22.50 @ 3.00 per bbl.
CRANBERRIES.—\$10.00 @ 12.00 per bbl.

REMARKS.—Prices continued to be well sustained on Flour, with no improvement in the demand. Pork, Lard and Hams are marked lower. Egg market quiet. Medium grade of Beans are from 25 @ 50c. higher. Onions, also, higher. Quinces are out of the market.

Acknowledgments.

We wish to acknowledge the gift of a beautiful pulpit Bible from Brother Henry Furness, of Boston. Since the repairs of our church were completed, the congregations have almost doubled. Several have experienced conversion, and the spiritual condition of this society promises a good work this winter.

WM. A. CHENEY.

On the evening of Nov. 28, 180 members of the Elm Street Methodist Episcopal Church and Society in Gloucester, met at their parsonage, completely surprising their pastor and his family; and with very appropriate remarks by Mr. Edwin Perkins, presented to them a purse of over \$20, a large and beautiful toilet bracket, the skillful workmanship of Mr. James Bishop, with other gifts, and a quantity of eatables and groceries. For this generous expression of the society's good will, and the many kind words of Christian love and confidence which were uttered; for a former gift of fifty dollars from the Board of Stewards; and for the uniform kindness and sympathy received ever since we came among this people, we desire to return our sincere and grateful thanks.

Rev. N. T. and H. S. WHITAKER.

Methodist Book Depository.

Money Letters Received from Nov. 23 to Nov. 30.

A O Abbott, John W Adams, F C Austin, M C Beale, John W Briggs, C W Blackman, Theo Beasley S D Brown, W C Bartlett, C A Cressey, P B Chase, W Deering, E H Derby, G F Eaton, L Fish, J Fisher, E M Fowler, D N Farrand, R Flag, L E Gordon, W Gordon, I Howes, A M Horne, Geo A Harris, A J Hanscom, Hoyt, Fog, & Breed, W L Hitchcock, C Jost, W B Jackson, Geo W Kent, S G Kellogg, A B Lovewell, I J Lansing, R G Murray, I D Miner, H B Mitchell, J W Newton, J R Powell, J W Price, J H Pillsbury, W B Perkins, F M Pond, R A Rich, F A Robinson, J A Sherburne, A R Sylvester, W H Stetson, A O Stockton, C W Snow, I J Tibbets, J F Woods, J Willett, A J Willard, W Watson.

J. P. MAGEE, Agent, 38 Bromfield St., Boston.

Church Register.

THE LYNN DISTRICT CONFERENCE, at its recent session, took advanced ground on the all-important subject of Missions; and among the plans proposed for furthering the cause on the Lynn District, the following was especially prominent, and unanimously adopted by the Conference:—

1. The several stations in the district are combined in small groups for the purpose of mutual pastoral or ministerial help in holding rousing missionary meetings in the several churches thus associated.

2. The pastor of the Church first named in any group is requested to open a correspondence with his other associated ministerial brothers, and mutually arrange the times, places, and proceedings of such missionary meetings.

GROUP 1. Lynn—Common St., Boston St., South St.; East Saugus.
GROUP 2. Lynn—St. Paul's, Maple St.; Swampscott.
GROUP 3. Salem and Marblehead, Beverly, Peabody and Tapleville.
GROUP 4. Gloucester and Riverdale, Bay View and Rockport.
GROUP 5. Ipswich and Newburyport, and Byfield.
GROUP 6. Topsfield and Groveland.
GROUP 7. Ballardvale, North Andover and South Lawrence.
GROUP 8. Lowell—St. Paul's, Worthen St., Central Church.
GROUP 9. Granville and West Chelmsford.
GROUP 10. Stoneham, Woburn and Waverley.
GROUP 11. Reading, Wakefield and Melrose.
GROUP 12. Malden, Maplewood, Everett, Medford and Cliftondale.
GROUP 13. Cambridge—Trinity, Harvard St., North Avenue, Cottage St.
GROUP 14. Somerville and East Somerville.
GROUP 15. Charlestown—Trinity Church, Union Church.
GROUP 16. Waltham, Weston and Watertown.

It is earnestly hoped that Lynn District may have such a missionary canvass as it has never had before, and that the moral, religious, and financial results may far surpass anything ever known in this part of our work.

It is also earnestly hoped that not one of the brethren specified as chairman of group, sections, above given, will fail to acknowledge in the duty assigned him in section 2 of this notice.

Per order of Lynn District Conference, Marblehead, Nov. 1. W. D. BRIDGE, Secretary.

Marriages.

In this city, Nov. 28, by Rev. C. S. Rogers, William F. Freeman to Miss Sarah E. Shreder.

In Cambridge, Nov. 19, by Rev. W. P. Ray, John Duncan, of Lynn, to Miss Margaret Montgomery, of Somerville; Nov. 27, Frederick C. Jager to Miss Eliza C. Hodgkins of Cambridge.

In North Dighton, at the residence of the bride's father, Nov. 6, by Rev. G. W. Ballou, Henry N. Simmons, of Fall River, to Miss Lilla F. Whitman, of North Dighton; in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Nov. 14, Orin M. Talbot to Mary Kate Cobb, all of North Dighton.

In South Walpole, Nov. 7, by Rev. G. R. Bent, Edwin Whetmore, esq., of Dennis, Mass., to Miss Ann E. Cleveland, of Walpole, Mass.

In Rockbottom, by Rev. N. A. Soule, J. C. Badger to Mrs. Naomi B. Nutting, both of Hudson; Oscar E. Carpenter to Miss Marilla Worthington, both of Marlboro.

In South Hadley Falls, June 20, by Rev. J. J. Woodbury, Henry B. Wheeler, of Weston, Conn., to Elsie M.

Babeock, of South Hadley Falls; Oct. 12, Hosea L. Hilliard to Emma E. Clifford, both of South Hadley Falls.

In East Falmouth, Nov. 7, by Rev. J. S. Fish, Alonzo O. Collins to Salome S. Landers, all of East Falmouth. In Andover, Nov. 13, at the home of the groom, by Rev. J. H. Cushing, Frank E. Crane to Oretta M. Thayer, both of Boston; Frederick A. Adams to Anna F. Thayer, both of Braintree.

In Winthrop, Me., Nov. 11, by Rev. A. R. Sylvester, Wm. H. Lyon, Jr., of Manchester, to Miss Letestea S. Carr, of Winthrop; Nov. 12, Wm. E. Whitmar to Miss Annie E. Wins, both of Winthrop; Nov. 16, Frank J. Davis, of Farmington, to Miss Florence H. Keene, of Winthrop.

In Farmington, Me., Nov. 14, by Rev. W. Wyman, William Coglian to Mrs. Della A. Tolman, both of Farmington.

In Berwick, Me., Nov. 13, by Rev. H. B. Mitchell, assisted by Rev. J. W. Adams, A. K. Downs to Miss Mary J. Cooper, both of Berwick, Me.

At the Methodist Episcopal Parsonage in Danielsonville, Conn., Nov. 7, by Rev. George E. Fuller, Alner E. Hardy to Miss Ella S. Hill, both of Worcester, Mass.; Nov. 10, also at the Parsonage, Mowry P. Arnold to Miss Caroline P. Hopkins, both of Foster, R. I.; Nov. 11, Joel E. Pierce, of Milbury, Mass., to Miss Nellie M. Kies, of Killingly, Conn.

In Springfield, Vt., Nov. 6, by Rev. H. L. Kelsey, Jasper W. Freely, of Claremont, to Miss Fannie A. Slack, of Springfield, Vt.

At the Methodist Church in Lebanon, N. H., Oct. 7, by Rev. M. T. Ciley, H. R. Brannan, of Newton, Mass., to Mrs. Ellen M. Davis, of Lebanon; at the Parsonage, Nov. 10, William H. Kezan, of Lebanon, to Miss Sadie F. Fildes, of Plainfield, N. H.

In Marlow, N. H., Oct. 16, by Rev. I. Taggart, Joseph E. Griffith, of Keene, N. H., to Miss Ella M. Cummings, of Marlow; Oct. 31, Frederick A. Warner, of Moineau, Deputy Secretary of State of Iowa, to Miss Mary M. Dodge, of Marlow, N. H.

In Eastport, Sept. 9, by Rev. C. L. Haskell, George Andrews, of Orford, Me., to Miss Carrie E. Peters, of Eastport, Me.; Sept. 17, Charles E. Finch to Mrs. Ellen R. Ward, both of Eastport.

In Bath, Oct. 31, by Rev. J. R. Day, Philip Penbrook to Miss Jeanne Barriato; Nov. 1, George Parker, of Richmond, to Miss Almira Lee, of West Bath.

In Lincolnville, Me., Nov. 9, by Rev. W. B. Jackson, Franklin H. Milliken to Miss Sarah G. Martin, both of Lincolnville.

At the Methodist Parsonage in East Wilton, Me., Nov. 7, by Rev. Delano Perry, Daniel Briggs to Della M. Walton, both of North Jay, Me.

At Round Pond, Nov. 19, by Rev. E. M. Fowler, Capt. Frank W. Gorham to Miss Sophia A., oldest daughter of Capt. Samuel Hastings, of Bristol.

In Seaco, Nov. 9, by Rev. S. F. Wetherbee, Albert H. Smith, of Palmyra, to Miss Hattie B. Smith, of Biddeford.

In Kennebunk, Nov. 19, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. J. A. Strout, David E. Pierce, esq., to Lucy A. Burnham, both of Kennebunk, Me.

In Union, Aug. 7, by Rev. J. A. L. Rich, John O. Glendon, of Waldoboro', to Miss Emily B. Cozens, of Union; Oct. 24, Morris Hager to Miss Alvie F. Hager, both of Union.

In Suncok, N. H., Nov. 14, by Rev. J. Noyes, Christopher Eastwood to Barbara Pinkerton, both of Pembroke.

In Whately, at the residence of Stephen Beldon, Nov. 20, by Rev. A. Baylies, Orlando C. Searle, of Southampton, to Miss Mary E. Belden, of Whately.

In Lowell, Nov. 26, by Rev. T. Benton Smith, assisted by Rev. C. D. Barrows, Henry W. Church to Miss Amelia F. Hill, daughter of E. A. Hill, esq.

In the Methodist Episcopal Church in Barnstable, Nov. 17, by Rev. Virgil F. Statton, Alfred Crocker to Miss Annie Davis, both of Barnstable.

At the Methodist Parsonage, Stafford Springs, Conn., Nov. 29, by Rev. W. H. Stetson, Rev. E. Benton, of the Providence Conference, to Mrs. Louisa T. Phelps, of Stafford Springs.

Deaths.

In East Attleboro', Mass., Nov. 16, Mr. Stephen M. Parson, aged 81 years, 1 month, and 28 days.
In Milan, N. H., Oct. 7, George A. Gordon, son of Rev. L. E. Gordon, aged 1 year and 3 months.
In Lincolnville, Me., Nov. 3, Emma Augusta Kaler, daughter of J. K. and Sarah Calderwood, aged 27 years and 5 months.

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HERALD CALENDAR.

Dedication of Trinity Church, at East Cambridge, Dec. 11.
Dedication at Greenland, N. H., Dec. 11.
St. Albans District Preachers' Association, at Colchester, Dec. 10-12.
White Mountain Ministerial Association, at Bethlehem, Jan. 15-17.

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Church Register.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

NEW BEDFORD DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.
December—W. Sandwich, 21, 22; Sandwich, 23; Monument, 24; Middleboro', 25, 26; Wareham, 27.
(In full next week.)

W. T. HARLOW.

NORWICH DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.
December—28, Griswold; 29, Voluntown; 30, Hopeville; 31, Plainfield; 1, Montville.
Danielsonville, Dec. 6, 1872.

GEO. W. BREWSTER.

ROCKLAND DISTRICT—THIRD QUARTER.
December—S. Woolwich, 28, 29; D. M. True; Sheepscot Bridge, 28, 29, A. M.; Wiscasset, 29, P. M.
(In full next week.)

E. A. HELMERSHAUSEN.

BOSTON DISTRICT SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION, at Rockbottom, Jan. 9, 1873, at 10 o'clock A. M. [Full programme next week.]

NEW BEDFORD DISTRICT PREACHERS' MEETING will be held at Pleasant Street, New Bedford, Feb. 2-5, 1873. [Programme next week.]

EDW. EDGON, Secretary.

FAIR AND FESTIVAL.—The Ladies connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church, Medford, will hold their Fair in the Town Hall, on the afternoons and evenings of Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 18 and 19. A variety of useful and ornamental articles will be for sale. Also, a choice programme of entertainment for all who may favor us with their presence.

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MARRIED.—In Newtonville, Nov. 25, by Rev. F. Woods, Chas. H. Hurd to Miss N. Annie Fader, all of Newtonville; Nov. 28, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, by the same, Wm. H. A. Simmons, of Newtonville, to Miss Kate M. Williams, of York, Me. [No cards.]

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Assuages the pangs of a broken breast, Flows the lactical fluid—gives nights of rest, But Centaur Liniment!

And when chilblains sting, or hot steam scalds, What is it soother, for what can we call, But Centaur Liniment?

When the car crushed old Tilden's arm, 'Twas saved from amputation by this charm, The Centaur Liniment!

And when Barnum's lion, Uncle Ben, Broke his leg in that dismal den, He roared for Centaur Liniment.

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